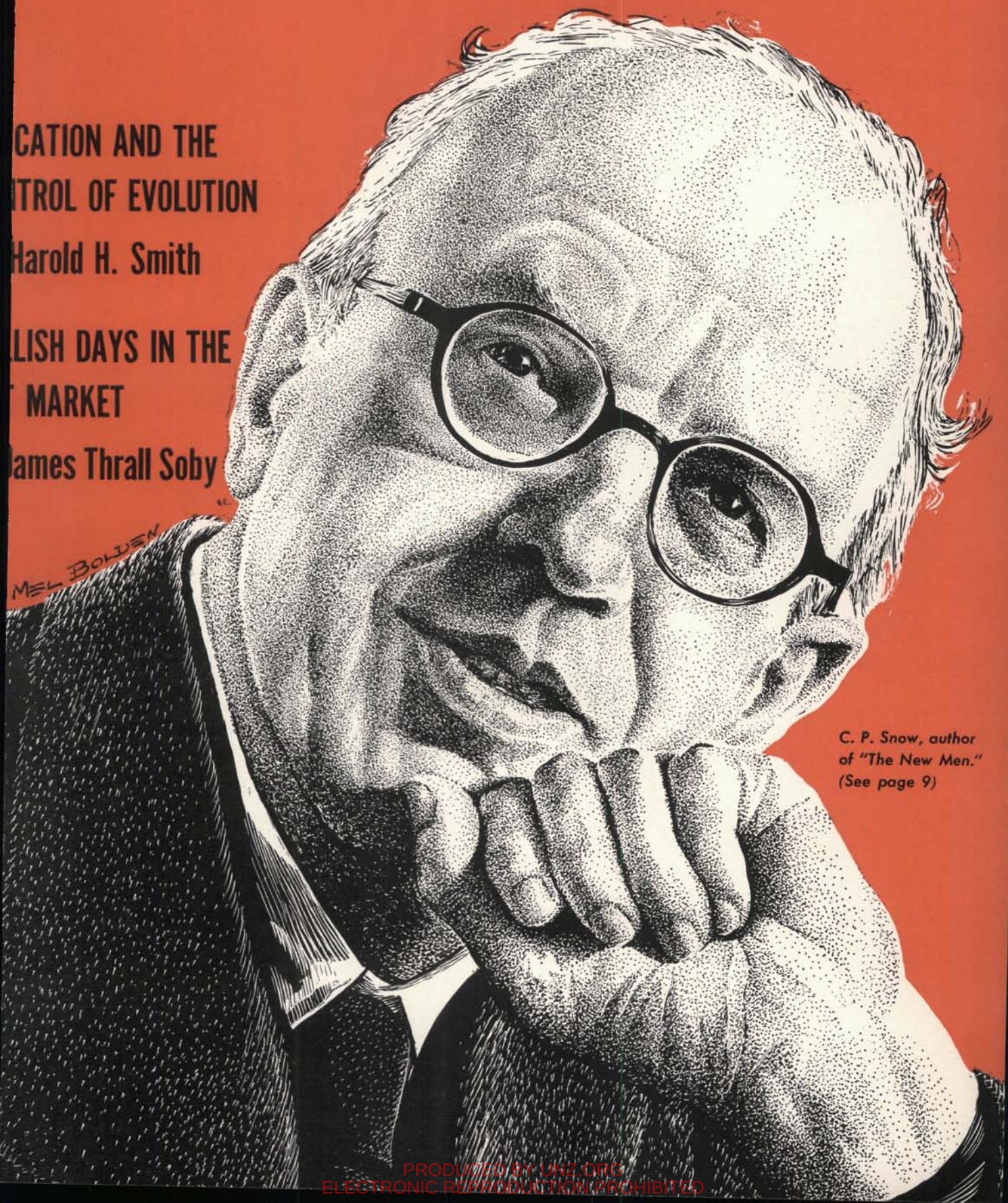
Saturday Review

ANUARY 8, 1955 / 20¢

CATION AND THE
ITROL OF EVOLUTION
Harold H. Smith

LISH DAYS IN THE
MARKET
ames Thrall Soby



C. P. Snow, author of "The New Men." (See page 9)

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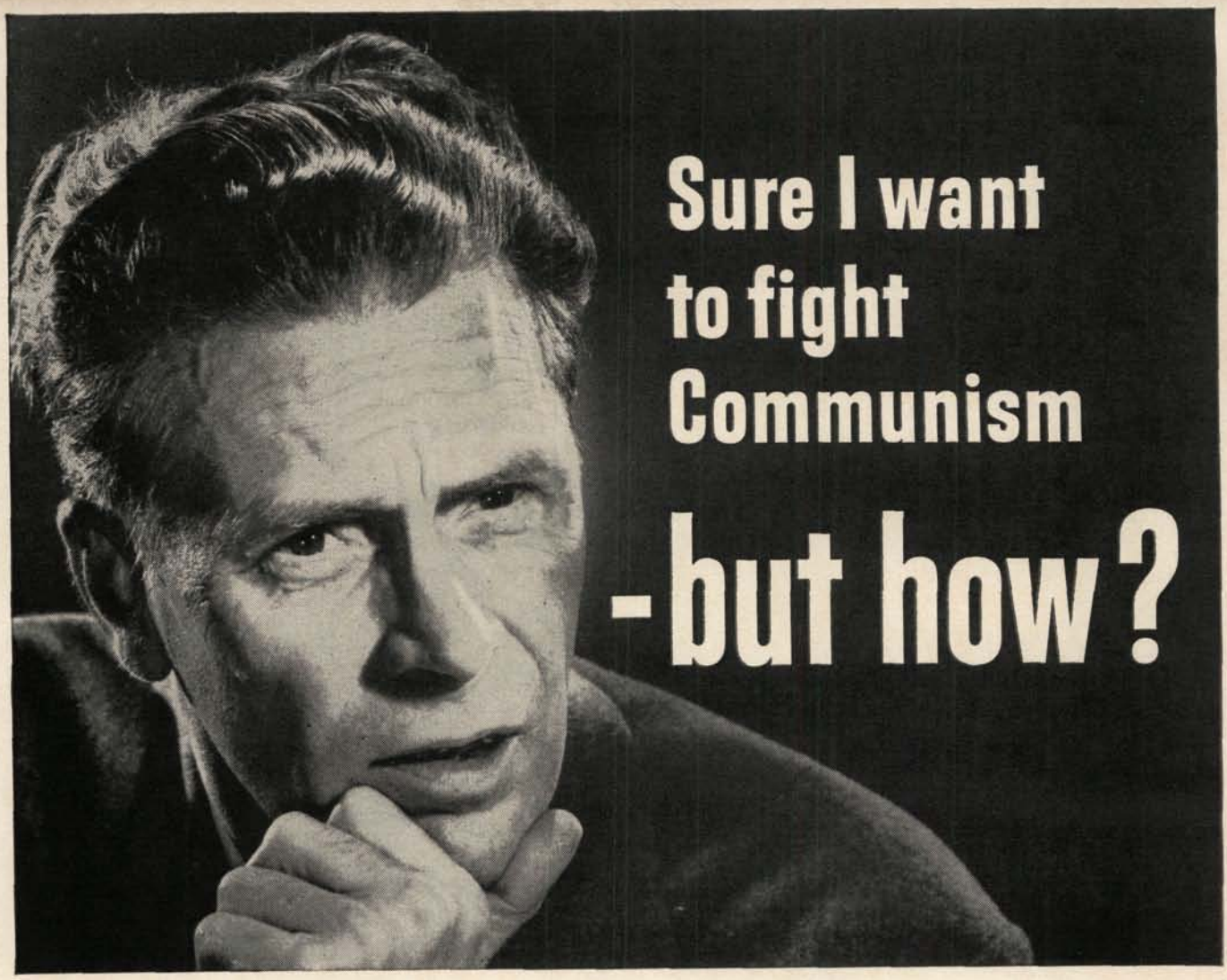

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SR's Library Poll

"THE BAD SEED," by William March (#15 on the list)—whose "Company K" has long been considered the war-novelist's war-novel—has recently taken on dramatic form in one of New York's most horrifying productions in years; it is the story of a nine-year-old hereditary murderess who isn't caught. Unfortunately, Mr. March died before he learned of this new success in frightening people.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **The View from Pompey's Head**
   by Hamilton Basso (F)**
3. **My Brother's Keeper**
   by Marcia Davenport (F)
4. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
5. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
6. **No Time for Sergeants**
   by Mac Hyman (F)
7. **Katherine**
   by Anya Seton (F)
8. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
9. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
10. **My Several Worlds**
    by Pearl Buck (G)
11. **R.S.V.P.**
    by Elsa Maxwell (G)
12. **Mary Anne**
    by Daphne du Maurier (F)
13. **The Woman Within**
    by Ellen Glasgow (G)
14. **The Tumult and the Shouting**
    by Grantland Rice (G)
15. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)
16. **TNT—The Power Within You**
    by Claude Bristol and Harold Sherman (G)
17. **Atoms in the Family**
    by Laura Fermi (G)
18. **Good Morning, Miss Dove**
    by Frances Gray Patton (F)
19. **Abraham Lincoln**
    by Carl Sandburg (G)
20. **Soldier of Fortune**
    by Ernest K. Gann (F)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 2, Jan. 8, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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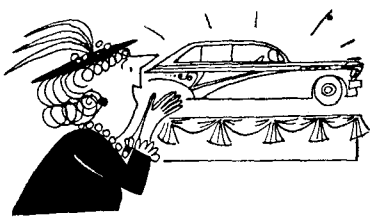
TRADE Winds

IF THERE WAS one thing that Anthony Bump, the midtown publisher, was attached to it was his 1940 Carbolic—a roomy, comfortable car whose motor purred as smoothly as it did the day he bought it, and was more than sufficient for the small amount of driving he was required to do.

But there remained Mrs. Bump to consider. Mrs. Bump saw every beautiful advertisement for every earth-shaking new 1955 model—and every television spectacular that showed Marilyn Monroe or Clark Gable gliding off to Dreamland in a glittering new, multicolored chariot. The last



one, which ran continuously for seven hours, only six hours and fifty minutes of which were devoted to commercials, broke down her sales resistance—not too formidable in the first place—completely.

"Tony," she said firmly, "James Melton will be around any minute to add that decrepit jalopy of yours to his museum of antique cars. Every time you're seen in that rambling wreck your credit rating goes down another notch. Ed Sullivan says you can get the most wonderful trade-in. . . ."

"My dear," interrupted Mr. Bump, feigning patience and understanding, "that Carbolic of ours is good enough for another three years. Only yesterday you agreed we were spending money like drunken sailors, and that we must cut out some of our reckless extravagances."

"Your definition of a reckless extravagance," pointed out Mrs. Bump bitterly, "is anything you just don't happen to want very much yourself."

In due course the Bumps effected their usual compromise in matters on which they did not see eye to eye, and Anthony went over to the Carbolic showroom to inspect the new models.

"Get a load of this new convertible," enthused the salesman. "The demand is so terrific that an ordinary customer can't get delivery for four years. Of course, a man with connections like yours. . . ."

"How much?" interrupted the practical Tony.

"The list price," said the salesman, suddenly vague, "is in this catalogue. Let's see, now—it should come to about $4,000—without the accessories, of course."

"What sort of accessories?" demanded Mr. Bump.

"Well, there's the radiator, of course. That's $200 extra. Then there's the windshield. That adds $300 more. And I do suppose you'll want a radio, a heater, a speedometer, and headlights. . . ."

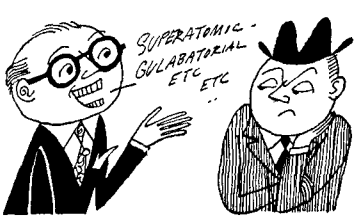
"What the hell do you get for the $4,000?" exploded Tony.

"Why, Mr. Bump," protested the salesman, "have you forgotten the Unverspunkter suspension rod? Or the superatomic-gulabatorial driving shift, put up on the ceiling so it's practically impossible to reach? Or the nineteen different pastel shades, all named by leading fashion designers, or the rear fenders? And don't forget the new motor, Mr. Bump. Souped up to 890 horsepower, which enables you to go 315 miles an hour in the heaviest traffic."

Mr. Bump missed a good part of this peroration. In attempting to extricate himself from the rear seat of the new model he had torn off two pockets of his coat, crushed his hat, and sprained his ankle. The salesman complimented him on his agility. "Best performance over this course in a month," he assured Tony, reaching for the arnica, smelling salts, and bandages kept handy for this part of the demonstration.

Mr. Bump, however, was not to be fobbed off by soft words.

"Three hundred and fifteen miles an hour!" he repeated in horror. "Why aren't the makers of these new cars locked up in the booby hatch? What



man in his right senses ever wants to go over eighty? And who's to protect us from the drunken goons who really use the last ounce of horsepower

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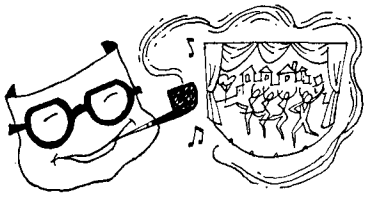
you put into their hands? Why don't you do something about making your damn cars easier to get into? And shorter to get about crowded streets and into small garages? And with catches that make it impossible for doors to open while a car's in motion? And with fenders that don't crumple up like a sheet of tissue paper when a child blows on them—and that don't cost $200 to straighten out? You know what you can do with that 890 horsepower and Unverspunkter suspension rod, my good man. . . ."

But that was the moment our publishing hero caught the eye of Mrs. Anthony Bump. "Okay, okay," he sighed wearily. "Wrap the damn thing up. We'll take it."

IN THE NOVEMBER 20 issue of *The Saturday Review* Henry Hewes characterized the new musical "Fanny" as a "typical Broadway mass-collaboration that partly conquers all, and wholly captivates none." "It flounders around," he continued, "in the pathos surrounding the pride of nominal fatherhood gags . . . and only Jo Mielziner's lovely faded green backdrop decorated with pink nursery animals has the flavor that 'Fanny' so desperately lacks elsewhere."

I do not quarrel with Mr. Hewes's right to say what he likes about "Fanny" or any other show he may be covering. I do wish to get on the record, however, the fact that at least one other member of *The Saturday Review* staff—myself—considers "Fanny" a thoroughgoing delight, with a book by S. N. Behrman and Josh Logan that is miles above the aver-



age, a score by Harold Rome that grows lovelier every time you hear it, and a cast worth traveling miles to see.

Watching two such brilliant performers as Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak struggling valiantly (and unsuccessfully) to upstage one another is worth the price of admission in itself. Their infinitely touching final scene sent me from the theatre in a glow.

IN GENERAL, I'm getting tired of those drama critics who fob off carefully planned musical shows as "obvious and contrived Broadway productions" and dismissing first-rate scores with words like "serviceable" and "undistinguished." They did this with "Can-Can" and "Kismet" and they repeated with "Fanny." In all three cases the public paid no attention to their disparagements. These musicals indeed may have been "contrived," but they were contrived by recognized masters in their fields, who accomplished exactly what they meant to. As a result, they have delighted capacity audiences for months on end. What's wrong with that?

When critics are judging a musical I think they should use different yardsticks than they employ for a play

by, say, T. S. Eliot or Tennessee Williams. And they should withhold judgment on the caliber of a score until they've heard it more than once. Songs by Rodgers, Porter, or Rome often do not register properly at first blush. It's after you've heard them kicked around a while by top band combinations that you begin to appreciate their special qualities. A couple of critics even dismissed Dick Rodgers's score for "The King and I" as "beneath his top standard" when that show opened. They must know now that finer operetta music never has been written by Dick Rodgers or anybody else.

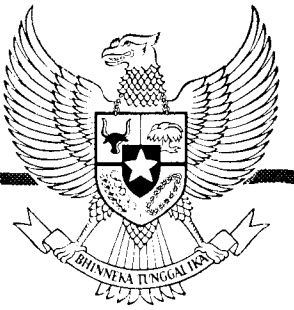
See "Fanny" for yourself (if you can wangle tickets). Let us know at *The Saturday Review* whether you agree with Henry Hewes or with me.

ONE OF THE MOST frustrating conversations in theatrical history is recorded by *Theatre Arts* magazine:

A subscriber dialed "Information" for the magazine's number. "Sorreee," drawled the lady, "but there is nobody listed by the name of 'Theodore Arts'." "It's not a person; it's a publication," insisted the subscriber. "I want '*Theatre Arts*'." The operator's voice rose a few decibels. "I told you," she repeated, "we have no listing for 'Theodore Arts'." "Confound it," hollered the subscriber, "the word is Theatre: T - H - E - A - T - R - E." "That," said the operator with crushing finality, "is not the way to spell Theodore!"

—BENNETT CERF.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Please turn to* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *on page 23 for Mr. Hewes's ricochet.*



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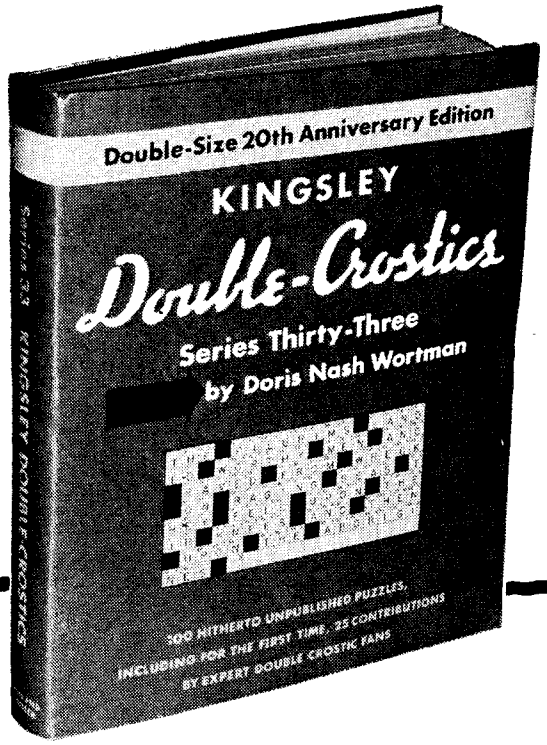

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The Saturday Review

JANUARY 8, 1955

EDUCATION AND THE CONTROL OF EVOLUTION

EDITOR'S NOTE: That crime is increasing in ferocity; that voters are more easily swayed by demagogues; that young college-grads are forced to wear uniform tweeds and join "Junior Executive" schemes; that all educated men are specialists—these and a host of other anxieties are related to the fact that human society is booming out in two directions at once, in numbers and in technique. In this article Professor Harold H. Smith of the New York State College of Agriculture (Cornell University) takes a very cold, specialist's look at the human species and the laws of species, but he comes up with the optimistic report that we are by no means on the losing end of a cosmic proposition. Society faces new problems, but society possesses new weapons for fighting them.

By HAROLD H. SMITH

A LITERATE person, according to the dictionary definition, is one who is able to read and write. But why do we have a special word for this degree of accomplishment? The reason is that in the past it has represented a basic minimum level of competence in order to be among the knowing in a civilized society.

It is becoming increasingly clear that the level must be raised above literacy alone if the individual is to function effectively in modern society. Military planners, for example, are aware of this and, although in the First World War a draftee needed only to be literate, to stay in the Army today a private must score above 72 per cent in the Army General Classification Test. This corresponds roughly to a good seventh-grade education. The reading public has been exposed to voluminous statistics on education which may be summed up in the statement that the numbers of people and the proportion of the population attending high school, college, and graduate school is increasing rapidly.

The editor of *The Saturday Review* has written recently, "The main problem or challenge facing American education today is how to get it all in. How to maintain certain values and approaches that have proved themselves through 160 years of public education and yet enable the individual to feel at home in the middle of a century which has already seen more change than has been accumulated in the previous 1,000 years."

One common hope of solution of the educational enigma is epitomized by a recent press release headlined "*Sons Smarter Than Dads.*" *It turns* out to be a report of better scores achieved by the present generation over the past in a particular test. Actually, such data have no significance in demonstrating a tendency of increasing mental ability; but the recurrence of the theme emphasizes the expectation that through education the human species may evolve into more intelligent beings capable of learning more in a shorter time.

PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGICAL EVOLUTION

The present theory of organic evolution states that populations change in their characteristics only under the influence of one or more of four forces: mutation, selection, migration, or chance. A *mutation* is a sudden change in appearance or function attributable to an alteration in the basic hereditary material. It is a source of new genetically controlled characteristics. *Selection* is the main directing force in evolution. Its significance is that in different environments different sets of genes are selected which enable individuals to adapt to the particular conditions encountered. *Migration* consists in the introduction of genes into a population from neighboring populations. This requires hybridization with other breeding groups in the locality. *Chance* can be a factor in changing

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populations through time, because each generation is a sample of the hereditary potentialities of the previous generation. Sons and daughters are sample combinations of parental heredities. If the samples are small they may vary significantly through the generations and bring about genetic change.

If a population were abundant, not divided into different localized groups, had unchanging mutation rates, and was free from strong selection action, it would evolve little, if any, through time.

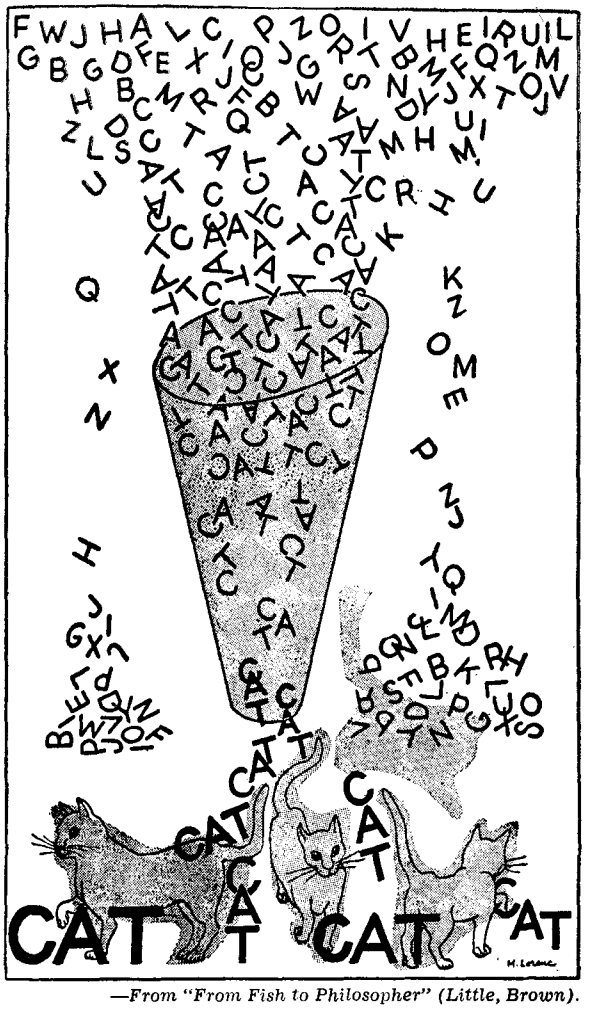
Around a million years ago man entered the biological stream as an experiment on the fundamental plan of the highest order of mammals, the primates. The striking advances over previous forms were a truly erect posture and a progressively more enlarged, more complex brain. These were combined with improved manual dexterity and bifocal vision. He has become to an increasing extent the most dominant species. Some of our earlier manlike ancestors would definitely be classed as different species from *Homo sapiens,* but these have died out. Modern man is one species—one population incapable of exchanging heredity with other living forms. He must travel his separate pathway through time with the biological heritage now in his possession. The present species of *Homo* has been in existence for at least 75,000 years and possibly twice as long. It has changed little in any fundamental biological way in the last 25,000 years. Will man change in the future?

MAN'S BIOLOGICAL FUTURE

Man can change biologically only under the influence of the four forces listed above. During much of his past history man did begin minor processes of change which if continued might have led to new species. Small isolated populations of primitive men extended over most of the earth's habitable surface toward the end of the Ice Age—15,000-20,000 years ago. As is usually the case with any species of plant or animal that inhabits widely different environments with relatively little opportunity for interbreeding between localized populations (due to geographical isolation), differences accumulate in the hereditary composition of the different groups. Races arise. The remains of Grimaldi man who came from Africa to live in limestone caverns near the border of France and Italy 25,000 years ago show definite Negroid characteristics. If the small relatively isolated populations had lived in different environments for many more years *Homo sapiens* might have developed into half-a-dozen or more species. The future would have been different. Mankind would not today be one large biological brotherhood. We would not share a common reservoir of genes.

But this did not happen. History took a different turn. Modern trends in the structure of the population of the human species are in a direction which precludes the formation of new species, which will reduce the present racial differences, and which will lead (if carried to the limit) to one large variable breeding group, biologically quite stable through time.

First, the total population of human beings is increasing rapidly. Julian Huxley estimates that from 850 B.C. to 1650 A.D. the world population increased from 100 million to 545 million at an average annual rate of 0.07 per cent. By 1930 the total population reached the two billion mark and the rate of increase went up steadily. For the period of 1937 to 1947 it was 0.82 per cent, on the basis of figures from the U.N. Statistical Office. The present world annual rate of increase is over 7 per cent, which means that there are at least 25,000,000 more people each year—over 7,000 more each day in the USA. United Nations demographers reported at the World Population Conference in Rome last summer that the rate is even higher in some areas. The estimate for Latin America is 2.2 per cent annually, more than double that of Asia! By the year 1980 the earth may be expected to sustain about 3.5 billion humans if the present trend continues. Overpopulation is already one of the major problems of the world.



—*From "From Fish to Philosopher" (Little, Brown).*

Simpson's alphabet analogy of natural selection.

Chance could be of little significance in changing the genetic composition of so large a population. An important evolutionary influence might still be exerted by chance, however, if the large total population were divided into small localized groups. Again the trend is in the opposite direction—toward greater mobility, less isolation, more frequent matings among individuals of diverse origins. Some of the accelerating factors are worldwide exploration and trade since the sixteenth century, movement toward large centers of population since the Industrial Revolution beginning in the eighteenth century, less formidable religious and class distinction barriers, increasingly rapid means of communication and transportation, and far-flung wars and conquests. If this present tendency should continue the choice of mate will be made independently of location, race, creed, etc.; chance and also migration would no longer be important factors in human evolution. Although it is not proposed that the ultimate in world *panmixia* will ever be attained, the broad trend is unmistakably in that direction.

As with other organisms, natural selection must have played a key part in determining which types of human individuals contributed the highest proportion of progeny to future generations and thereby acted as a directing force in evolution. It is equally evident that the significance of natural selection in man's evolution has progressively diminished. The "selector" is the environment. If a population were freed from the pressure of environment on its hereditary constitution it would remain static so far as selection is concerned.

Man *is* becoming increasingly in-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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FICTION

Morality vs. the Atomic Monster

"The New Men," by C. P. Snow (Charles Scribner's Sons. 311 pp. $3.50), is a story of British scientists engaged on a wartime nuclear fission project and the conflict of loyalties it creates.

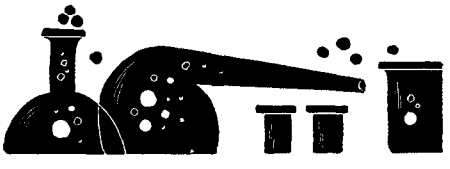
By Harrison Smith

CHARLES PERCY SNOW is without question one of England's most distinguished living writers. That he is not understood or appreciated by the reading public or the majority of critics in this country is an enigma that is difficult to solve, for the innumerable Americans who still read Anthony Trollope will find a counterpart in his eight published novels.

Since 1935 Mr. Snow has been engaged in writing a sequence of novels dealing with the experiences in life of a man named Lewis Eliot, who has been and will be the narrator of all of them. "The New Men" is the fifth of the series, which may occupy him for the next ten or fifteen years. In other words, he is engaged in what may turn out to be one of the most stimulating literary ventures of our time. In two of the four earlier books of the series, "The Light and the Dark" and "The Masters," Mr. Snow's Lewis Eliot has been a Cambridge don involved in complex and hidden struggles for power and authority.

"The New Men" is on a different level, since it deals with serious wartime problems which are still facing mankind: the discovery of molecular fission, the invention of the atomic bomb, and the moral issues in which the British physicists engaged in creating this monstrosity were inevitably involved. The new men are, of course, the nuclear scientists and Government men engaged in attempting to split the atom in Britain's atomic center, Barford.

In this novel Lewis Eliot has an important position in the Government; his younger brother, Martin, is one of Britain's most brilliant physicists. Lewis is surrounded by bureaucrats who, like many Government functionaries, are afraid of being caught out on the end of a limb. They know that in the United States the Manhattan Project is drawing to it many of the world's greatest scientists, including their own countrymen. It is Lewis Eliot's task and that of his bumbling superior and other high officials to urge the Government to build a rival atomic laboratory. He is chosen for the vital position of personnel director, and he is anxious to enlist his brother as the leading scientist of the project, though there is a moral issue between them difficult to resolve, which has its counterpart in the growing conflict between science and poltics.



While Mr. Snow's singularly calm style is never abandoned in moments of crisis, the pages which deal with the building of Britain's first atomic reactor reach at times a high pitch of excitement. Martin Eliot decides to use heavy water in the uranium pile. Finally the great and perilous moment comes, and fails. After several months the next attempt succeeds.

When the news breaks that a British scientist in Canada has delivered the secrets of nuclear fission to Russia, and when the scientists learn that the United States has built the first atomic bomb, the moral issues which have disturbed them come to the surface. The majority of them believe that it would be a crime against civilization and nature itself to drop a bomb on human beings. Then comes the news from New Mexico and from Hiroshima to heighten the suspense. Lewis and Martin Eliot quarrel bitterly about this explosive issue, and in the end the young scientist who has been the moving force behind the British project retreats to the shelter of pure science, where he can give his genius and his loyalty to nature and not to man.

There is, it is true, a vast amount of argument between scientists, politicians, and Government leaders in "The New Men." It will not be read with pleasure by anyone who is addicted to violence and romance in fiction. It is a cerebral novel, perhaps, but that does not mean that C. P. Snow is not a writer of the first rank, that his characters are not three-dimensional, living figures, or that he does not deal with the most vital issues facing mankind today.

—Lotte Jacobi.

THE AUTHOR: Up from the death of Bloomsbury, past the dry gardens of Eliot, has come, steady and straight, C. P. Snow, who, at forty-nine, has written eight solid, traditional, well-prosed novels. In them, according to an approving essay in the *Times Literary Supplement,* he "celebrates, and he analyzes the bureaucratic man . . . [in a] style which in its alkaline flatness blandly ignores half a century of experimental writing." As a result Snow's fiction has often been held up beside the hearthy realism of Trollope, and Snow himself has said: "I have been a spokesman for a new tide of realistic and humanist writing." Snow, who is also a prolific and influential fiction reviewer, has never, however, jumped foursquare, bones and all, into the literary marketplace. A physicist of note, he is at present a Civil Service Commissioner and a director of the English Electric Company. After Leicester (where he was born of a poor family) and its University College, he won a research fellowship at Christ College, Cambridge, and at twenty-five had become a Fellow. During the Thirties he edited both a scientific magazine and the Cambridge Library of Modern Science, became involved in the dusts of college administrative work, published his first novel (a detective story, 1933), and rooted over, when the moon was on the Cam, a plan for a ten- or eleven-volume novel sequence. The first part appeared in 1940 as "Strangers and Brothers." Of medium height, and partly bald, Snow wears horn-rimmed glasses too small for his face, and is a man of quiet, iron practicality. "It was economic necessity which made me begin as a scientist," he said recently. "I was fairly adaptable, and could have made a decent show at most professions, but this was the one where I thought I could make a living soonest and with least expenditure. My long-term intention was always to be a novelist, but I guessed that mine would be the kind of novels that one could only write after one had nosed a way through the world."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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The Most in Shorts

"Prize Stories 1955: The O. Henry Awards," selected and edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin *(Doubleday. 313 pp. $3.95), the thirty-fifth in an annual series, offers eighteen magazine short stories that struck its editors as the best published between August 1953 and July 1954.*

By James Kelly

ACCORDING to Paul Engle and Hansford Martin, now completing a second term as selectors of the O. Henry Memorial Award series (in its thirty-fifth year), the eighteen magazine stories in "Prize Stories 1955" are the best published by American authors between August 1953 and July 1954. Applying the same yardstick used by previous series editors, they have combed mass-circulation journals, college publications, and forums for literary *flaneurs.* And, with that job done, they have chosen five stories from *The New Yorker,* three from *Harper's Magazine,* two from *Accent,* two from *Esquire,* and one each from three campus literary reviews and three general magazines.

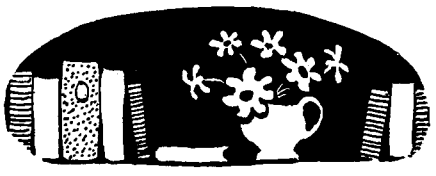
Despite the mechanically safe and sound quality of their book, the editors begin with a morose little essay on the low state of the short story in this country. This they blame on increased emphasis upon non-fiction, absence of a real national literary magazine, and editorial boards too timid to handle daring fictional subjects. The reader is therefore asked to believe that the present collection's notable lack of poetry, experimental writing, and avant-garde entries results from shortage of suitable material rather than from constricted editorial tastes. So be it; the aim is good and the performance professional.

Offering few thrills but considerable insight, the lucky eighteen writers dwell upon the greater reality of childhood, moments of adult revelation, sentimental journeys through cherished landscapes; they roam from San Francisco to Paris and back again to Brooklyn and Princeton University. They go about their business in thoroughly competent style, and none more so than John Cheever in "The Five-Forty-Eight," a solar-plexus suspense story of a heel from the suburbs who shares a train seat with the wronged girl and her gun; or Frederick Buechner in "The Tiger" (third prize winner), a wonderful, nostalgic tale of an alumnus who spends a dreamy half-man, half-animal fall afternoon inside the tiger skin at a Princeton football game; or Mary Dewees Fowler in "Man of Distinction," a good, penetrating still-life of a querulous old man who refuses to be put on the shelf.

For this observer the best entry in the book is "A Christmas Carillon," by Hortense Calisher, which really pins down the playboy husband who can enjoy his freedom only when there's a domestic scene to rebel against. Take away home-base, especially during a sentimental holiday, and this type of wandering male heads stableward—perhaps to graceful middle-age and maturity. But the official first prize winner is Jean Stafford, a lady who has written more controlled and deserving stories than "In the Zoo," and now receives a kind of cumulative recognition like that which recently befell a bearded resident of Cuba. For this Stafford entry, following the flashbacked childhood cruelties endured by two spinster sisters, rambles knowingly but joylessly through a dog-poisoning incident and might better have preserved the unities of time and action. The second prize goes to "A Circle in the Fire," by Flannery O'Connor, which provides ominous but rather pointless suspense in the story of three renegade boys who come to harry a couple of farm women. There's mood, expertly reported guerilla warfare, and some ingenious byplay, but not much more.

Ira Wolfert's entry from *Esquire* seems to have been lifted almost bodily from a section in his novel "Married Men," the part which presents some honestly electrifying reportage of cockfighting and some fairly maudlin moralizing in the mind of the hero, Wes Olmstead. There's a tight, acutely felt scene between a frantic father and his desperately ill son, by Wallace Stegner; a raffish, slapstick narrative of three beer-guzzling grass widowers who manage to get even with a woman whose voice annoys them, by Henry Shultz; and a fine naturalistic piece called "Joshua," by Shirley Ann Grau, which takes the reader to the Gulf Coast swamp country for a look at a small boy's stark fear.

Without seeming to cavil, it would be easier to think of these stories as good if one weren't expected to think of them as "best." Dogmatic superlatives are pretty silly, especially when backed only by the declared editorial judgment of two men, and they shouldn't be allowed to get in the way of the considerable reading pleasure that's here for the taking.



Eros in a Wimple

"The Cornerstone," by Zoé Oldenbourg *(translated by Edward Hyams. Pantheon Books. 482 pp. $4.50), continues the chronicle of the Linnières family, begun in "The World Is Not Enough," when Ansieu, the old Crusader, makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to visit a son's grave, while another son remains home to pursue an evil life.*

By Robert Pick

PERHAPS the most rewarding feature of Zoé Oldenbourg's brilliant novel "The Cornerstone" is its recreation of chivalrous love. Here, for the first time, a modern novelist has brought to life medieval erotic thought with all its casuist conceptions, its subtle sense of beauty and color, and its naïvely blasphemous proximity to religious emotions. "She gave him a long kiss on the mouth, and for him it was as though he were receiving Communion." Thus the author describes the first physical contact between Haguennier de Linnières, a knight of twenty married to a rich woman nearly twice his age, and his "lady," Marie, wife of the lord of Mongenast. Such is the author's skill, such the curiously matter-of-fact magic of her writing, that the reader accepts that bizarre early-thirteenth-century idea, oblivious of his own mid-twentieth-century notions about sex (whose bizarreness only a coming age will discover). The evocation of such feelings in the reader is, of course, the only *raison d'être* of historical fiction. Zoé Oldenbourg is one of its rare masters.

The present book, a sequel to her first novel, "The World Is Not Enough," continues the chronicle of the Linnières family. Ansieu, the old Crusader, has turned over the fief to the one legitimate son left him and sets out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land once more to visit the grave of his first-born; on the road south he runs into the sanguinary turmoil of one of the Albigensian "crusades," and later becomes blind; but he does get to the Holy Land and there—this is a stunning turn—gains an inkling of the superiority of the infidels' ethics to the Christian morals of his time.

There is no crime his son Herbert, back home, does not commit, no offense to decency this ruthless man, ridden by lechery, pride, and greed, shies away from. Christian beliefs, to say nothing of Christian mercy, are

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a mockery in his mouth—or so it may seem to us. For, in truth, the very contradictions within his nature make that figure something like a symbol of the Middle Ages—when. to quote J. Huizinga, "all experiences . . . had the directness and absoluteness of . . . child-life."

Haguennier, Herbert's son—and, in the end, the man who in a fight kills him—already belongs to another age. His manliness, wrenched from a tender and dreamy disposition, seems already touched by the dawn of humanism. That sense of time's passing which Mme. Oldenbourg conveys in her treatment of three generations is another of her remarkable achievements.

"The Cornerstone" cannot boast all the dramatic sweep of her first offering; it contains no counterpart to the dazzling canvas painted there of the Third Crusade (passages still vivid in at least one reader's mind)—although, on another plane, the scenes involving Eglantine, Herbert's half-sister, and his maltreated mistress, offer drama enough. But this is a novel deeper than the first one, and rises higher above its author's learning. Vast pleasure is in store for both the readers who want a grand story and those who read for the pleasure of reading.

Broken Apollos and Blasted Dreams

"One Arm and Other Stories," by Tennessee Williams *(New Directions. 211 pp. $4.50), is a collection of eleven stories, one of which was revised for the present volume, originally published in 1948 in a limited and now extremely rare edition.*

By William Peden

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'S "One Arm and Other Stories" contains some stories which have greatness in them; of some of the others, however, John Randolph's irreverent comment about Henry Clay seems appropriate: how like a dead mackerel in the moonlight [are they], that shines and stinks, and stinks and shines.

Characteristic is "Desire and the Black Masseur," the story of Anthony Burns, a little man with "an instinct for being included in things that swallowed him up" who is eventually devoured—literally, figuratively, and symbolically—by his Nemesis, a gigantic masseur. Here we are transported from the world of accustomed responses to one which is uniquely Mr. Williams's special province, a dimension compounded of fantasy, surrealism, allegory, and Gothic sensationalism. With a pen that smokes and burns, Mr. Williams has created some horribly memorable chapters in the history of what one of his characters calls the "mad pilgrimage of the flesh."

Mr. Williams, fortunately, does not always write with the almost subhuman detachment of "Desire and the Black Masseur." In his title story he has created an equally disturbing but much more memorable figure. Oliver Winemiller had been light heavyweight champion of the Pacific fleet before he lost his arm in an auto accident. With his arm went the center of his moral being, and Oliver becomes, successively, a bum, a male hustler, and a murderer. In jail, awaiting execution, he feels finally the desire and passion he had for so many years aroused in others. But it is too late, and he goes to the chair incomplete, unfulfilled, "with all his debts unpaid." Oliver exists both as individual and as emblem; as such he remains in this reader's consciousness.

Perhaps the most moving of Tennessee Williams's characterizations is found in "Portrait of a Girl in Glass," the story of the family he was later to make famous in "The Glass Menagerie." In creating the girl "who made no positive motion toward the world but stood at the edge of the water, so to speak, with feet that anticipated too much cold to move," Mr. Williams displays the understanding of betrayed and bewildered individuals which is the source of much of his power. If such a story makes us remember that Tennessee Williams was to become a major dramatist, "The Field of Blue Flowers" reminds us also that he began as a poet; and perhaps it is as the poet of the blasted, the doomed, and the defeated that he will be remembered.

At his best, as he is in at least two or three of these stories, Tennessee Williams is in a class by himself. Even at his worst he creates magical, terrifying, and unforgettable effects; his only limitations appear to be self-imposed. These stories make

—*From "Life's Picture History of Western Man."*

The king granting charters to "deserving" barons—"subtle sense of beauty and color."

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one pause. About them there is the same kind of paradox that makes the medical students hovering around the one-armed body of Oliver Winemiller (unclaimed after his execution) draw back in a half-understood and sorrowing wonderment: it "seemed intended for some more august purpose, to stand in a gallery of antique sculpture, touched only by light through stillness and contemplation, for it had the nobility of some broken Apollo that no one was likely to carve so purely again."

Notes

SALT WATER YARNS: Jealous, unshaven second mates, intransigent old windjammer captains, young officers with their bravery as yet unproven, truculent Newfoundland sealers, and hardly any women at all, are to be found in the hearty chronicles of **"The Best Sea Stories from *Bluebook*,"** edited by Horace Vondys (McBride, $3.95). *Bluebook* has always ranked well in the virile hierarchy of pulp adventure fiction, and this collection shows why. The people in these tales, engulfed in blustery action, are given no chance to reveal more than the rough outlines of character, but the stories are told with such a direct, sometimes almost Homeric, simplicity that they often generate great narrative power, a power that reverberates compellingly in the atmosphere of ships, the sea, and seafaring. Although conceived and written to satisfy the tastes of a commercially exploited market, they demonstrate that the well-worn narrative situation of people thrown together in isolation is a classic part of human experience. Few writers can fail with this device, and such old masters as Jacland Marmur, H. Bedford Jones, Albert Richard Wetjen, and Samuel Taylor certainly do not in this volume.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

SHAKESPEARE WAS A LADY: So suggests Cothburn O'Neal in a juicy concoction entitled **"The Dark Lady"** (Crown Publishers, $3.50). According to Mr. O'Neal's fascinating thesis, Will Shakespeare was merely the literary agent for lissome Rosaline de Vere, illegitimate daughter of the Earl of Oxford. Rosaline was not only an exceptionally gifted actress (masquerading as a boy offstage), but she was the real "ghost" of Hamlet and the rest of the Bard's creative output. And, if this weren't distinction enough, the little lady also produced a love moppet yclept Miranda, with the assistance of Henry, Earl of Southampton. As the jacket puts it, the author of

(*Continued on page* 34)

SCIENCE AND NATURE

Gadgets and Goodies

***"American Science and Invention," by Mitchell Wilson** (Simon & Schuster. 438 pp. $10), tells the whole story of our science, invention, and technology, from the beginning to the present, in word and picture. Our reviewer, Bruce Bliven, is the author of "Preview for Tomorrow: The Unfinished Business of Science" and other books.*

By Bruce Bliven

MITCHELL WILSON'S "American Science and Invention" is an heroic concept, magnificently performed. Mr. Wilson set out to tell the whole story of American science, invention, and technology, from the beginning to the present, in text and pictures, and he has succeeded brilliantly. If he has omitted any famous name or important discovery I can't remember who or what it is; the only exception might be in the field of medicine, where he gives the early revolutionary developments in anesthesia and then stops.

Even in a big book like this the field is so vast that discussion of individual men and inventions is necessarily brief, although as far as I can judge the important facts are all here, and the author never seems hurried. Each subject is given at least a double-page spread, and a minimum of two or three pictures; a fine aura of Currier and Ives hangs over the first three-quarters of the book. A lot of the pictures are drawings from patent applications, or others with equal detail and clarity; without much more information than this volume contains you could build a rough working model of a primitive cotton gin, sewing machine, reaper, or telephone—and such a project would be a pleasant winter's occupation for a "hands boy" with a home workshop. Here may be found all the essential facts, and many amusing side glimpses, about Franklin, Rumford, Whitney, Morse, Fulton, McCormick, Ericsson, Pullman, Goodyear, Bell, Westinghouse, Edison, the Wright brothers, Baekeland, Henry Ford, Willard Gibbs, Michelson, Millikan, De Forest, Langmuir, and a whole cluster of atomic scientists. Dozens of American inventions sprang, of course, from European sources, and Wilson is careful to give proper credit. Perhaps his chief complaint against American science is that we have produced so few purely theoretical men—he mentions only Willard Gibbs—and have leaned so heavily on Europe in this regard.

The overall conclusion to be drawn from the story of American invention down to about the time of the First World War, when the individual began to be supplanted by the research team, would be that to be born with inventive genius has been almost as unfortunate as to be born an artist. Our tradition has always been, it would seem, to abuse our inventors mercilessly. At the beginning every possible obstacle was put in their paths, until they finally managed to produce something of value—whereupon everybody in sight tried to steal it, and often succeeded. The inventor first spent weary years trying to prove he was not crazy, and to bring out the queer dream that was in his head, and then had to fight equally long and hard trying to get at least some share of the profits. Few of the men in this book made fortunes; a surprising number of them committed suicide.

The people around them were contemptuous of the inventors long after their ideas had become a reality. The first Atlantic cable was ruined, at a cost of millions, because workmen, disobeying rigid instructions, left the insulated wires lying in the sun. After President Garfield was shot his life might have been saved through a device, invented by Alexander Graham Bell, for locating the bullet; the doctors nullified the electrical field by leaving the President on a bed with iron springs. The U.S. Navy threw out De Forest's audion tubes because operators on ships, not satisfied with a performance better than had ever been seen before, ruined them with excessive heat.

MR. WILSON effectively counteracts the popular notion that an invention springs fully formed into the inventor's head while he is out fishing. Nearly all the important advances that are described came because something was seen to be needed. Hundreds of ways to achieve a desired result were sometimes tried before the right one was reached.

The author has included social history when events affected the advance

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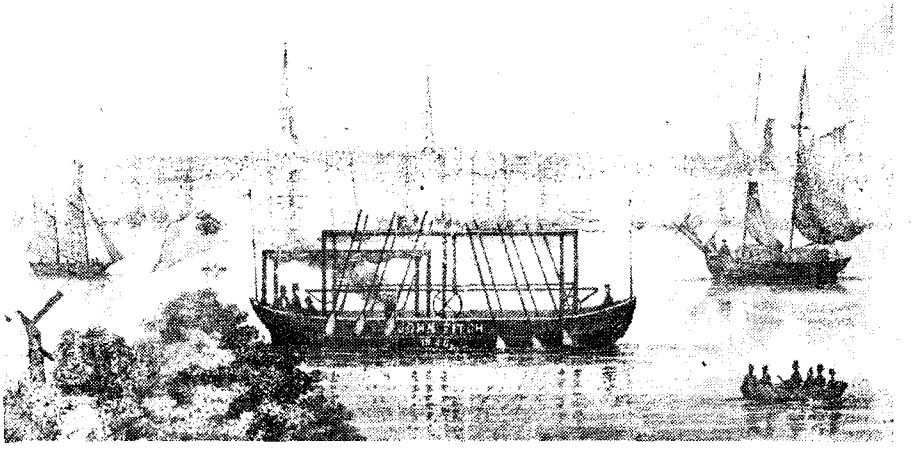
of technology. He points out that our successive depressions have in a way been beneficial; several important inventors lost their jobs because of hard times and proceeded to carry out earlier ideas only because they had nothing else to do. War has also speeded up technology. The opening up of the West brought in its train such important forward steps as the McCormick reaper and the refrigerated railroad car. Along the way Mr. Wilson casually punctures some widely held beliefs.

The author of this book is a practising novelist and writes far better than the average scientific expert. He was trained as a physicist, having worked with the late Enrico Fermi, and he is unusually versatile, writing with equal facility about astronomy, chemistry, electricity, electronics, atomic science, and many other things. His book comes down to 1954 with a discussion of automation—factories that run themselves—which may change our life as much as was done by the great cluster of inventions of the last quarter of the nineteenth century—the telephone, typewriter, phonograph, automobile, electric light, motion picture, and others.

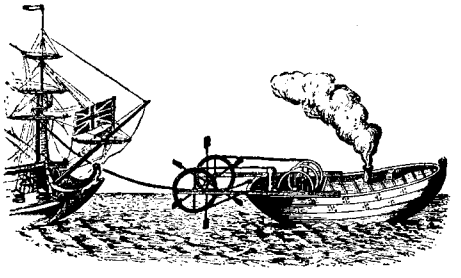
HE CLOSES with a warning against needless military secrecy, which could cause our scientific life to wither like a limb tightly bound and incapable of motion. He also pleads for a preservation of individuality in an "other-directed" time (to use David Riesman's vivid phrase), a time for which he feels American ingenuity and the great corporations to which that ingenuity has given rise may be partly responsible.

Despite the vicissitudes of our inventors, which Mr. Wilson tells unflinchingly, this book is a tribute to America. A few decades ago it was the fashion to decry the businessman-inventor-promoter as being just a Babbitt with no appreciation of the finer things of life. Today we know that American inventiveness, and the industrial civilization to which it has given rise, won the Second World War and is the chief bulwark of democratic freedom against totalitarian encroachment. Nowhere else to my knowledge have the details of that inventiveness been set forth half so well. I wish the Ford Foundation, or somebody, would put a copy of this book into the reading room of every boys' club in the United States. It might not do away with juvenile delinquency, but it would help to teach the rising generation, among whom there is an alarming shortage of the scientific-minded, something of the legitimate technological glories of our past, and what can be our equally glorious future.



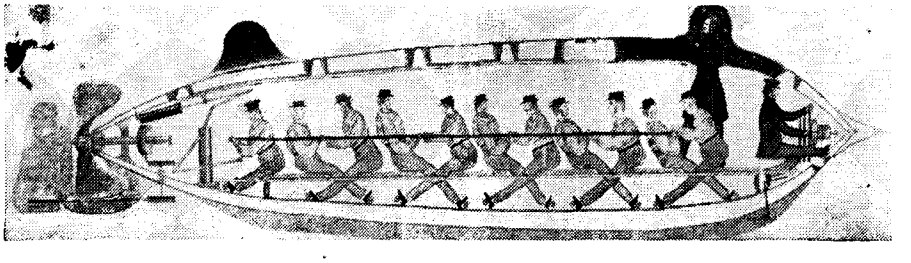
In this early steamboat inventor John Fitch tried to duplicate action of human paddlers. Others tried duckfeet.

Discouraged at boat's reception, Fitch jumped to a watery death.



In 1737 Jonathan Hulls built model steam tug driven by ratchets.

THE TRIALS OF CREATION: The nautical and not-so-nautical pictures shown here all come from the big pictorial history book called "American Science and Invention," by Mitchell Wilson (Simon & Schuster, $10), which is reviewed in the columns at left. As such, they are some of the 1,200 drawings, engravings, photographs, and paintings to be found—along with a good deal of technical information—in the book, showing whenever possible some sequences in the lives of great inventors, both sublime and not so sublime, as can be seen in the first two pictures. These show the success and the failure of an early steamboat inventor named John Fitch of Connecticut, who successfully ran a steam launch 2,000 miles up and down the Delaware before, unhappy that he could not find support to continue his experiments and plagued by domestic troubles, he gave up too soon—in 1798, less than twenty years before Robert Fulton's total success with *Katherine of Clermont*. Below is an early submarine which looks more like the famous Japanese midget-subs of World War II than the huge thermonuclear, super-oceanic jobs the United States Navy is constructing in this decade.



Early submarine was built by Confederates, sketched imaginatively by Northern artist. It killed more Confederate than Union sailors, sank four times during tryouts and in its first and only battle.

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Neighborly Planet

"Exploring Mars," by Robert S. Richardson *(McGraw-Hill. 261 pp. $4), is an astronomer's report to laymen on what is known and conjectured about probably the most fascinating of the planets. Our reviewer, Robert H. Baker, is the author of "When the Stars Come Out" and other books.*

By Robert H. Baker

IS THERE life on Mars? What is the significance of the canals of Mars? Is it probable that we can soon travel to the planet and see for ourselves its remarkable features that astronomers are observing through their telescopes? These are some of the questions people were asking last summer when they saw the red planet glowing brightly in the southern sky. Questions like these will be repeated in the late summer and early fall of 1956, when Mars is scheduled to come still closer to the earth and to shine even brighter than it did in 1954. At its closest next September its distance from us will be less than thirty-five million miles, which is really neighborly for a planet. Robert Richardson's book, "Exploring Mars," is timely.

Dr. Richardson is an astronomer at the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, where he has opportunity to observe with the largest telescopes in operation and also with the loftiest tower telescope for the study of the sun, his major field of inquiry. Interest in the planets and in possible rocket voyages through interplanetary space would seem to be among his hobbies; he approaches these subjects with the enthusiasm of the amateur combined with the restraint of the professional.

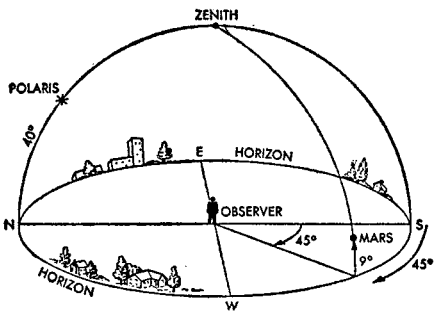
Is there life on Mars? The author asks us to consider the bleak desert of Tibet, to strip its air of practically every trace of oxygen, and to expose it to a daily temperature range of 200 degrees, and then to imagine what kinds of life could survive there. The conditions seem scarcely to admit any animal life known to us. Could animals of a very different type from our familiar ones be living there? He thinks that "we can hardly talk rationally about life we don't know about."

Mars is indeed a desert, almost waterless and swept by great dust storms. Yet it may not be completely barren. Large dark green areas contrast with the general red background, especially in the spring season there. Some of those areas turn brown, purple, and carmine in the fall. If they represent plant life it must be of a remarkably hardy type, perhaps consisting of the almost impossible lichens. But the picture of lichens holding on desperately through the dust storms and other drastic conditions may not be adequate. The green areas suggest dense growth if they are really areas of vegetation.

Since their discovery some eighty years ago the fine dark lines which form a network on the face of Mars have caused acrimonious debates and occasionally ruffled feelings among astronomers; this was particularly so in the earlier days when some of our observatories were directed by ultra-conservative old gentlemen. Those "canals" have been seen by many observers but not by many others. They have the irritating way of showing more clearly through the smaller telescopes. They have been variously interpreted, the author explains, as optical illusions to which some observers seem not to be subject, as natural markings, and as artificial waterways. He tells us that he himself, formerly skeptical, has seen some of the wider canals through the telescope and in photographs. Another test of the existence of the narrow canals will be made in 1956 in photographs with large telescopes which permit very short exposure times.

THE author's account of proposed rocket flights into space adds little to what one has read in books such as Heinz Haber's "Man in Space"; but we are told that some new developments are top secret. The story is presented in a conservative yet lively manner. The small pay-load that a space-craft can carry is emphasized, as in the following quotation from the book: "The situation might be compared to a man who wants to go to Madagascar and has $1,000 to spend on the trip. He finds that his traveling expenses will come to $998, leaving him with two dollars in his pocket when he steps off the boat."

"Exploring Mars," which also describes features of other planets, is an interesting book for general reading. The drawings are well done and the Palomar photographs of planets are beautifully reproduced.



—*From "Exploring Mars."*

Mars as seen by an observer (lat. 40° N) at 10 A.M., Oct. 1, 1954.

Fun with the Fon

"The Bafut Beagles," by Gerald M. Durrell *(Viking Press. 238 pp. $3.75), is a high-spirited account of a naturalist in search of specimens in a sprawling West African area known as Bafut. Alan Devoe, our reviewer, is the author of "Our Animal Neighbors" and other books.*

By Alan Devoe

EXPLORERS and zoological collectors who write books are not uncommon. Their works fill lengthy shelves in libraries. For most readers, however, these chronicles have limited appeal. Scientists of the pith-helmet-and-notebook breed ("In Quest of the Aard-Vark," "Bird-Watching on the Zambesi," "An Entomologist in the Tropics") are the doers, undoubtedly, of fine important work; but the sad fact is that they also have a way of being a woodenly earnest, relentlessly stuffy sort of fellow, expert in their profession but not very strong on humor, esthetic perception, or any of the broader liveliness and awareness that make a substantial human being. When the reader has hunted rare toads or pursued the frumious bandersnatch with one of them he has pretty much gone exploring with them all.

Pretty much. But that is the generality. Comes now the Rare Exception; and comes in particular Gerald Durrell, author of "The Bafut Beagles." Mr. Durrell is about thirty now. It became plain a year or so ago, when he published "The Overloaded Ark," that he was a zoological writer with a difference. With "The Bafut Beagles" the difference blazes in glory.

Born in India, educated in France, Italy, Switzerland, and Greece, Mr. Durrell is a man whose chosen life work happens to be collecting zoological specimens in far-flung and improbable places. (He has sojourned at least twice in West Africa, a considerable while in the depths of British Guiana, and is at present said to be somewhere in the wilds of Paraguay. Between times he nurses his recurrent malaria, recuperates from snakebite, and writes things down.) He is no doubt a sound zoologist and a devoted collector. Foremost, however, he is an extraordinarily high-spirited soul, as acutely aware and observant of people as of animals, with a quite piercing perception of natural beauty and a no less piercing perception of how hilariously comical the world is. For expressing this temperament and

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these capacities he has an exceptional ability to write.

Bafut is a sprawling West African area in which Mr. Durrell collected a large menagerie of curious creatures: rock hyraxes and hairy frogs, galagos and many snakes, monkeys, kusimansels, the golden cat. Of the hunting and gathering of his astonishing fauna Durrell gives in "The Bafut Beagles" an absorbing account. It is beautiful, exciting, and funny. But the rarest of his treasures, brought from this expedition into these pages, is a person. Over the African wilderness known as Bafut there presides a potentate, the Fon. Mr. Durrell became this chieftain's guest, crony, and valiant drinking-companion. It was the Fon who organized his native subjects into the collecting-posse that Mr. Durrell called the Bafut Beagles.

The Fon of Bafut, whether robed in state on his throne or relaxing of an evening in Durrell's quarters, was rarely without a glass in his hand: gin, whisky, palm wine, brandy, or whatnot. Three to five fingers was his idea of a suitable jigger, and jigger followed jigger in a steady replenishment. Mr. Durrell, who appears to have as formidable a head for liquor as any Private Eye in print, joined the Fon in guzzlings that earned the potentate's profound respect. In the course of these alcoholic shindigs Mr. Durrell not only (somewhat to his surprise) taught the Fon and his retinue the conga, and conducted some of the most peculiar conversations on record, but achieved in seriousness an intimate understanding of the native chief and a very real fondness for him. The Fon of Bafut was something much more than a kind of dark, preposterous W. C. Fields. The depth and dignity under the 100-proof exterior came through to Durrell; and he catches this in a portrait that is tender, absurd, and penetrating.

In descriptive "nature writing" Mr. Durrell ranks with William Beebe and Ivan Sanderson. There is plenty of this in his book, and it is lovely. The natural history is abundant, expert, and interesting. One ought, probably, to issue a caution to any fond Aunt Emma who might think of giving "The Bafut Beagles" to a budding naturalist nephew of twelve for a birthday. Mr. Durrell is not without a fancy for lavatory references. He has a cheery, chortling way of discussing with total candor such matters as the sex-antics of monkeys and the techniques for gouging out parasitic worms. And, of course, there is the drinking. It goes on by the case. For Aunt Emma, for the stuffier sort of scientist, or for the WCTU "The Bafut Beagles" may be a possible source of some unease. For everybody else it is a rare joy.

The Scarlet Ibis at Home

***"Coro-Coro: The World of the Scarlet Ibis," by Paul A. Zahl** (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50), is a report on a one-man expedition into the wettest part of Venezuela in search of a rare bird, and the adventures that befell it on the way. Here it is reviewed by Lorus and Margery Milne of the University of New Hampshire, authors of "The Mating Instinct."*

By Lorus and Margery Milne

THE many readers who enjoyed Paul Zahl's "Flamingo Hunt" will be delighted to follow the ups and downs of a second ornithological quest. The former volume started off with a celebrated murder case, his new one, "Coro-Coro: The World of the Scarlet Ibis," with a prosaic visit to the Bronx Zoo. In keeping with his vocational habit of putting down all relevant information, Dr. Zahl early lets the reader know how he met the problem whose solution fills the succeeding pages. In themselves these beginnings seem no different from those which happen every day to anyone. The difference lies in the way an inquiring and persistent and resourceful mind pursues an intriguing question to its final answer.

The stimulus which started the chain-reaction in Zahl's activities was a "sad-looking bird, with thin, stilted legs, feathers of palest pink, and a long arced-down beak." A placard on the zoo enclosure explained that, "although the scarlet ibis in its natural habitat is bright red, its molt replacements in captivity are invariably pallid." This faded color led to some library search and to the discovery that "about thirty years ago the scarlet ibis had rather mysteriously vanished from the printed record." Anything alive and red is so perfect a subject for the modern color camera that the subject seemed worth further study. With the sponsorship of the National Geographic Society, a diminutive expedition was planned to find the bird in its native breeding haunts, and there to photograph the spectacular hues over which explorers had waxed enthusiastic in 1847, 1866, 1908, 1910, and 1917.

—Lexington.

Paul A. Zahl—"resourceful mind."

No attempt has been made to overdraw the hardships and disappointments which came as an essential part of the venture. If anything they are softened—usually with a touch of humor. Zahl's unfamiliarity with the language (Spanish of the uneducated river men and cattle ranchers), with the terrain (the flooded flatlands bordering the Apure River), with the ways of Venezuelans, even with outboard motors (including the one he had brought along), each provided its separate series of difficulties. They led him to conclude that "true exploration . . . must by its very essence have elements of high unpredictability." This view seems reasonable enough on its face. But he recognized it to be heresy, for a famous explorer had stated categorically that adventure on an expedition was a "sign of amateurishness or lack of preparation."

The lack of fluent Spanish, even of textbook variety, and of thorough familiarity in the field with the Sea Horse motor, certainly fit the explorer's description. But the terrain and its human inhabitants provided plenty of unpredictability—even to the point of getting the amateur expeditioner hopelessly lost in the middle of a swamp on his way out.

THE reader cannot fail to see a similarity in Zahl's account and any blow-by-blow history of a scientific investigation. Each contains about 5 per cent of stimulating progress and 95 per cent of frustrating, uncomfortable riding off in all directions except the right one. In his New York laboratory dishwashing could

(Continued on page 35)

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Nineteenth-Century Knight

"Sir Walter Scott: His Life and Personality," by Hesketh Pearson *(Harper. 295 pp. $4), is a relatively brief biography of a great novelist and a heroic, romantic man. Here it is reviewed by Edgar Johnson, author of "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph."*

By Edgar Johnson

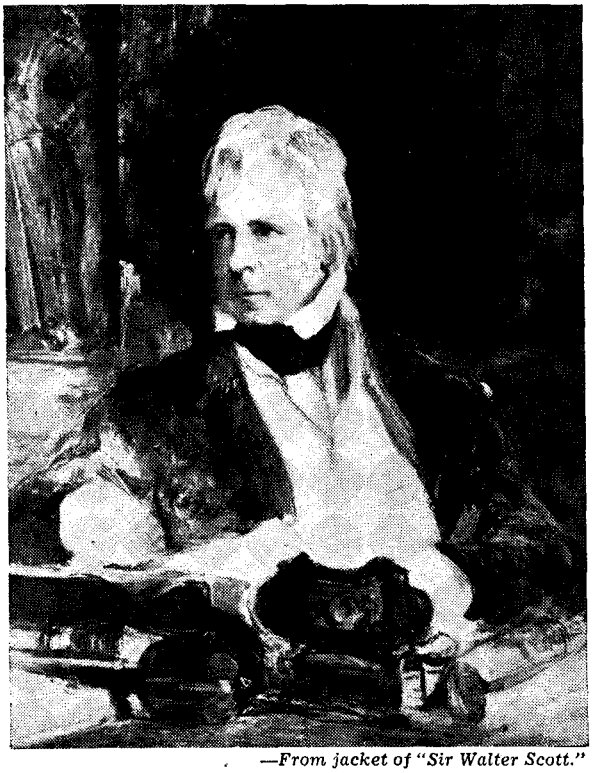
THE career of Sir Walter Scott—at once happy, tragic, noble, heroic, and inspiring—is one of the most astonishing stories in all biography. At six he was already a child genius, reciting Pope and Milton, and describing himself as a virtuoso, "one who wishes and will know everything." About his own literary attainments he was utterly without vanity; while the world rang with applause of "The Lady of the Lake" a visitor found that his little daughter had not read it: "Papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry." His imagination created with effortless profusion; magically and paradoxically it built a nineteenth-century fortune on ancient romance. The achievement was fittingly symbolized in the castellated fabric of Abbotsford lit by the latest glare of illuminating gas.

With the financial crash of 1825 Scott's wealth was gone like fairy gold, and in the cold, more than half-closed-off house, a middle-aged man in failing health, he now toiled at his desk into the night to pay off the enormous £130,000 load of debt. He might have gone bankrupt with no disgrace, but the high romantic sense of honor with which he endowed his chivalrous heroes was with him no merely fictional dream.

Despite headaches, hemorrhages, and at last a paralytic stroke, he labored on. Seven years of incredible and incessant work saw three-quarters of the great debt paid and Scott's mind and health undermined beyond recovery. He sank into his grave imagining he had repaid it all, and rose with his loss of fortune to a moral grandeur that commands no less admiration than his genius.

Such, in outline, is the story Hesketh Pearson has to tell in his new book, "Sir Walter Scott: His Life and Personality." He brings to it all his characteristic virtues as a biographer: clarity, a vigorous common sense, sympathy, verve, and selectivity. He has plainly read a great bulk of the printed evidence, though not so much in unpublished sources. He has winnowed the most vivid anecdotes and character-presentations of Scott from a variety of witnesses and rendered them, on the whole, in an extraordinarily clear and vivid narrative form.

The first third of his story is perhaps the best, taking Scott from childhood through the success of his poetry to the even greater triumph of "Waverley." In the middle part time-sequences sometimes break down while Mr. Pearson pauses to brush in a portrait of the mature Scott, and we occasionally feel ourselves in a kind of narrative doldrum, although there are many shrewd and perceptive psychological observations. And, since Mr. Pearson's forte is sanity rather than intensity, there is little dramatic swell into the tragic power that the end of the story demands.



—*From jacket of "Sir Walter Scott."*

Sir Walter—"generous, courageous, and noble-hearted."

THE respect in which Mr. Pearson seems to me to go most definitely astray is in his handling of Scott's tangled financial involvements. Sir Walter's concealment of his partnership in the Ballantyne firm and the publishing of many of his works either anonymously or under varied pseudonyms reveal a strain of foxy secretiveness, as Mr. Pearson points out; but he fails to give full weight to the curious way in which this trait mingled the prudential and the romantic.

At the same time that Scott guarded against the feeling that a gentleman and an advocate ought hardly to engage in business or depend on professional authorship he loved the adventure of both and the thrill of taking calculated risks. Here I think Mr. Pearson has too readily swallowed Lockhart's distorted picture of the Ballantynes and of Scott as the gullible victim of their inefficiency, instead of giving due weight to the evidence that he maintained a sharply watchful eye on his business enterprises and that the mistakes in both the printing and the publishing ventures were as much Scott's as theirs. And, although he was not greedy for gold, he was certainly lavish and extravagant. But he was no babe in the wood; the crash that wrecked his fortunes ruined many a financial wizard of the time as well.

Finally, despite the justice of Mr. Pearson's strictures on Scott's carelessness as an author his critical comments on the poems and novels are so superficial and incidental to his major emphasis on Scott as a human being that they might better have been omitted altogether. But without a due consideration of Scott's importance as an author half the reason for dealing with his life disappears. For a good many general readers, however, this is a colorful, sympathetic, and interesting portrait of a generous, gentle, courageous, and noble-hearted man, and one of the great influences in English literature.

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James T. Farrell—"clarity and confidence."

Unrepentent Rebel

"Reflections at Fifty and Other Essays," by James T. Farrell *(Vanguard Press. 224 pp. $3.75), is a collection of essays by a leading American novelist, most of them dealing with the relation of literature to society. Robert E. Spiller, who reviews it below, is one of the editors of "The Literary History of the United States."*

By Robert E. Spiller

THE AGE of fifty is as good a time as any to stop and take stock. Experience has accumulated enough rewards and punishments to allow a fair view of the self. Values have been tested in practice and have either been discarded or granted the status of personal dogmas. There is enough time left for creative expression that perhaps will be better than anything that has come before.

James T. Farrell is a novelist who, by staying close to his own experience in shaping the thoughts and actions of his fictional characters, has learned more about himself than most people ever know. His first great work, "Studs Lonigan," told the story of a boyhood friend, and the author walked in and out of the story in the person of Danny O'Neill. This technique of the alter ego was used by Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Wolfe, and most other novelists to whom the terms "realist" and "naturalist" have been applied. The result is that critics have pretty generally applied these terms to Farrell. At the age of fifty he has accustomed himself to this name-calling and is ready to ask what these terms mean. This collection of essays—many of them based on speeches—is mainly concerned with this problem. He is asking a question about the relationship of literature to society and he is using his own experience to provide an answer.

Much of the book is concerned also with Farrell's indebtedness to the men and women who helped him to become a writer: to the nuns and the priests in the schools in Chicago where he got his early education, to the other novelists who most inspired him (Dreiser, Zola, Anderson, Joyce), and to Mencken and Dewey, who helped him to shape his social philosophy. Behind most of the essays also is his experience with the Marxist movement in Russia and America and his rejection of totalitarianism in all its forms.

One of its forms is strictly literary and is associated with the word "naturalism." Zola was largely responsible for linking literature with the determinism of science in his essay on "experimental fiction" if not always in his novels themselves. Farrell, who admires Zola as a novelist, will not accept the idea that man is no longer the possessor of a will that can control his destiny. If the rejection of the doctrine of free will is the test of naturalism, he will not allow himself to be called a naturalist any more than he would allow himself to be called a Stalinist or any other form of totalitarianist. But if naturalism merely means the responsibility of the writer to portray, as he sees it, "the living continuity of our common human experience," to succeed like Anderson in writing so that "the hearts and the inner lives of his men and women and boys open up for us," then it will serve as well as any term to describe what he has done and still plans to do.

Farrell himself feels that his kind of writing is not as fashionable today as it was in the Twenties and Thirties. He is right in this—at least in part. But when it ceases to be fashionable to use the art of the novel to create "a concentrated image of what life is or may be like" the time will have come for writers of fiction to go out of business entirely. The man who is revealed in these essays is one who knows what he is about because he has learned by practise the rules for the game he is playing. As a boy he stunned his schoolmates by knowing ten times as much about baseball as any of them; as a man he has done the same thing with the art of the novel. Few writers—or anyone else—at fifty can reflect on their values with as much clarity and confidence as Farrell reveals in these essays.

—Rollie McKenna

Dylan Thomas—"sustained exuberance."

The Lyric Marvel

"Quite Early One Morning," by Dylan Thomas *(New Directions. 240 pp. $3.50), is a collection of literary comment, autobiographical pieces, and other miscellany by the talented Welsh poet who died last year. W. T. Scott, who reviews it here, is the author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

By W. T. Scott

WHEN Dylan Thomas turned from verses to prose he rarely turned very far. The formalities and concentration of his verse are missing, but the adjectival piling-up, the crowding descriptions, the sustained exuberance of language are of the same remarkable Welsh voice which distinguishes his great lyrics.

This is less true, of course, when the performance happened to be a bread-and-butter job for the BBC, Thomas in the role of journalistic literary commentator; though even in that department he seldom functioned without those flashes of gaudily satirical humor linking into the prose he wrote with deeper intentions.

These broadcasts fill the second of the two sections of "Quite Early One Morning," which gathers up work scattered through the last ten years of Thomas's life. They are nowhere as compelling as the autobiographical dithyrambs of Part I. Some are very slight indeed and can claim a passing interest only because Thomas wrote them. A couple of the chapters are scarcely more than reprintings of several of his poems which, on one occasion or another, he happened to broad-

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cast; though of course his added comments, however brief, are worth having. A couple of other chapters, reports on the 1951 Festival Exhibition and on the International Eisteddfod, are forced attempts, tired and ineffectual. Though as to that the final chapter of all is the wildly funny "Visit to America" many of us were lucky enough to hear Thomas read during his last appearances; it is not the freshest subject on earth—poking fun at visiting lecturers ("myself among them booming with the worst") —but Thomas handled it with such speeded hilarity that, reading it now, one still hears the audience roaring delightedly between the lines.

Thomas as critic was unadventurous —it was not his business; but his commentary, marked always by good humor and good sense, is intelligent, generous, positive. His chapters on Welsh poets and Wilfred Owen best illustrate these qualities. He speaks of Owen's "little, huge book," and he says fine things: "A man's poems, if they are good poems, are always older than himself; and sometimes they are ageless." And, again of Owen's war poems: "He writes love letters home for the illiterate dead." Unfortunately for formal criticism, with all its labors it infrequently illuminates as do such sudden asides of the artist turned amateur in observing his fellow artists.

Nevertheless, it is the artist's prime being as artist that throws a reflected importance on whatever task he makes extracurricular to his true and central preoccupation; and one comes closer to the essential Dylan Thomas in the autobiographical first section of "Quite Early One Morning." True, even here we have prose: not his main vocation; but here, as in "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog," we have materials and attitudes all allied closely to the poems themselves.

They are bravura pieces and often enchanting. Contrary to some Thomas enthusiasts, I doubt that Dickens's "Christmas Carol" is in any peril of being eclipsed by "A Child's Christmas in Wales," for such enthusiasts are challenging an embodied, dramatic, immortal conception with a comparatively slight venture in lyricism. The comparison is unfair to Thomas. The Christmas piece is a marvel of atmospherics, and so equally are "Holiday Memory" with its August heat and sandiness and the drunken avuncular expedition called, simply, "A Story." Intimations of his play "Under Milk Wood" are in the title piece and in a deft radio narrative, "Return Journey." His childhood, his town, his sea-coasted Wales he can repeatedly make moving and delightful.

Poetry and humor have much in common: their point is to say more than is there on the page. Thomas's humor is everywhere: Miss Prothero greets the busy firemen in her house with the question "Would you like anything to read?" The waves roll in, "with rubber ducks and clerks upon them." Little Dylan sits behind a shop counter, "under one of my uncle's stomachs." And the man who every now and then set fire to his hair: "I do not remember what it proved, if it proved anything at all, except that he was a very interesting man."

And, as in the poems, the sea is everywhere: it is "bilingual, carol-singing, slow-speaking, chapel-dark, forlorn, male and immoral," it is "tossed crystal," it is "the explosive, the moon-moved, man-indifferent, capsizing sea."

The chains which Dylan Thomas sang in "like the sea" are bared in these reminiscential stories. The qualification upon his work is its deep nostalgia. His verve of language, his immense bulge of lyric ardor seem if glanced at superficially to indicate a comparable love of life and grasp of life. But this is not so, save of life in retrospect, life in childhood, life lost. The key is often beautiful and touching, and always minor.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 603

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 603 will be found in the next issue.

MOHFMFBA FB

FHWNYYNMWQLY

ZLHZOFBA.

—X. ANCNZFWT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 602

Wrongs are often forgiven; contempt never.—Chesterfield.

Notes

WRITER'S WORLD IN LETTERS: The correspondence of **"Stefan and Friderike Zweig"** (Hastings House, $5) is the emotional and spiritual history of these two gifted Austrians, from their first meeting in 1912 to Stefan's suicide in South America in 1942. Although for the most part the letters are not consciously "literary," they make engrossing literature. Translated by Henry G. Alsberg, with the assistance of Erna MacArthur, they are sensitive, often intimate, reflections on love, family, art, and a world in chaos. Friderike's letters are perhaps more personal and eloquent, but they are also more circumscribed in their range of interests. Stefan's letters, in spite of the restraint which he admits, are more poignant and expressive of a world view. Because they were frequently separated while he was lecturing in Europe and South America the letters contain an unusual wealth of personal details. They were separated permanently in 1935, when Stefan came to feel he no longer had a life beyond his writings; but they remained on amicable terms.

In the correspondence we learn of a courtship which, because she was a Catholic and divorcée, was not consummated in marriage until 1920. We discover such homey facts as Stefan's addiction to goose liver and to strong black cigars (the latter he heroically renounced). But much more important are his innate melancholy and profound compassion, his despair over world politics (both Stefan and Friderike became pacifists). As early as 1919 he saw a German frenzy of "Jew-baiting," and in 1931 he commented prophetically, "This swastika business has got hold of the middle class." Finally, living in exile, many of his friends dead or in concentration camps, even his work failed to sustain him.

The letters give valuable vignettes of numerous great men who were Stefan's friends. Chief among them was Romain Rolland, but there were others like Rilke, Mann, Richard Strauss, Einstein, Sholom Asch. Even more significant is the information revealed about Zweig the artist and in-

(*Continued on page* 37)

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BRITAIN

Father of Liberals

"Gladstone: A Biography," by Philip Magnus (E. P. Dutton. 482 pp. $6.75), offers a new and illuminating portrait of Britain's great and complex nineteenth-century Prime Minister. Here it is reviewed by George Dangerfield, author of "The Strange Death of Liberal England," and other books.

By George Dangerfield

ONE CONCLUSION that we might draw from Philip Magnus's most interesting biography is that William Ewart Gladstone, though he personified the Liberal Party in the age of Mill and of Darwin, was preeminently the champion and the captive of pre-Darwinian England. For this reason he is not easily assimilated into the system of English nineteenth-century history. He is, in fact, a very tough morsel—so tough that he totally resisted even the prolonged mastication to which he was subjected in John Morley's famous three-volume "Life." Morley's book is still invaluable for its interpretation of Victorian politics, but nobody has been able to digest—nobody, in fact, has been able to swallow—John Morley's interpretation of Mr. Gladstone.

The trouble undoubtedly lies in the fact that Mr. Gladstone conceived of politics in non-political terms; that he devoted the whole of his enormous career to an effort to "make political life truly Christian"; that he was not a politician but an anti-politician. He sincerely believed that he had entered into some kind of private compact with his Maker. His unwillingness to bargain or to compromise, his impulsive and dangerous indiscretions, can all be attributed to this belief; but so, too, can his tricks and his equivocations. As Henry Labouchère put it, in his genial way, one had no objection in the world to Mr. Gladstone's habit of concealing the ace of trumps up his sleeve, but one did object strongly to his reiterated claim that it had been put there by Almighty God.

I do not think that anyone would dispute the loftiness of Mr. Gladstone's purposes; and Mr. Magnus is surely correct in suggesting that his dubious methods of achieving these purposes were the effect not of some black alliance between ambition and righteousness, but of simple-mindedness and of self-deception. Few statesmen are guiltless of self-deception; and simple-mindedness is not incompatible with genius. Mr. Gladstone's conscience was probably the most complicated thing about him, but it interfered chiefly with his syntax. Otherwise, once he had wrestled with it and put it temporarily to sleep, it permitted him to do the most fascinatingly absurd or wrong or indiscreet deeds with the perfect conviction that he was right. It is this which gave Gladstonian Liberalism its air of daftness and of irresponsibility, and which extracted from Queen Victoria the private statement that her former Prime Minister was a "half-mad firebrand."

But Mr. Gladstone was not an oddity; far from it. He merely imported into the second half of the nineteenth century certain emotions and convictions which belonged by right to the first half. Like everybody else—only more violently, more grandly, and more publicly—he was the product of his upbringing. Raised in an atmosphere of High Tory politics and of strict Evangelical religion, he gradually tranferred the Toryism to his religion and the Evangelicalism to his politics. The transference began, as far as politics was concerned, long before he ever thought of himself as a Liberal. It was as vice president of the Board of Trade, under Sir Robert Peel, that he became convinced that the moral growth of the nation was being fatally retarded by obsolete restrictions upon industrial enterprise. When he realized later on that his gospel of tariff reform and tax reduction had not made the business community more disinterested or more apt to sacrifice its materialism to some larger end, he immediately decided that a release of political energy would do for the English "masses" what a release of economic energy had failed to do for the English "classes." But he never went further than that. He had no interest in social reform. He thought it would be even more morally debilitating than the unreformed tariff.

HIS Liberalism, in short, was the Liberalism of mid-nineteenth century business enterprise, reinforced by a rare and beautiful faith in the moral dignity of the English working people. If he could have seen that moral dignity cannot sustain itself on the franchise, but needs a stronger diet of social legislation, he might have changed the course of English Liberalism. But this is asking too much. The man who was able to prove, after years of labor, that in Homer's Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades there was a definite foreshadowing of the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity—the man who, at the height of his political career, attempted to persuade T. H. Huxley that a literal interpretation of the Book of Genesis was not inconsistent with the revelations of "The Origin of Species"—was too fatally pre-Darwinian for any experiments in social democracy. A stern and passionate faith in political freedom is all that is left of Gladstonian Liberalism. It is certainly a great legacy; and the testator himself was certainly a great man. I do not think that Mr. Magnus has quite succeeded in making a human being out of the historical Gladstone—a task which would be roughly like playing Pygmalion to the Statue in "Don Giovanni"; but he has performed an only slightly lesser feat. He has succeeded in making Mr. Gladstone historically digestible.

Gladstone and his wife and granddaughter at Hawarden (1894)—"historically digestible."

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Threadneedle's Trail

"A Concise Economic History of Great Britain from 1750 to Recent Times," by W. H. B. Court *(Cambridge University Press. 368 pp. $4), brings together between the covers of a single volume the most recent scholarship on a subject that has materialy affected every citizen of the Western world. Herbert Heaton, who reviews it here, is professor of economics at the University of Minnesota and author of "An Economic History of Europe."*

By Herbert Heaton

THE INDUSTRIAL Revolution is, as Professor Edward C. Kirkland puts it, "as inescapable in a college course as Aristotle or the amoeba." Britain's emergence as the first industrial state is recognized as an epoch in world history; its loss of that priority and supremacy is noted as a major factor in the later shifting of national power; and its development of "the welfare state" is academically glanced at with approval or alarm. Yet this half-familiar tale has needed to be retold for the benefit of the general reader and of the general historian, because of the intensive, fruitful, even revolutionary research work of economic historians during the last two or three decades. New source materials, new ideas about what is important, new tools and techniques—including the national income concepts of the statisticians and the talk about investment, savings, and the like among economists—have rendered much that was orthodox thirty years ago almost as outdated as Mercator's projection or a pre-nuclear book on physics.

Professor W. H. B. Court has drawn heavily on this recent research to give us the new view of the story in "A Concise Economic History of Great Britain from 1750 to Recent Times." His central thesis is that a small land, faced with rapidly rising population after about 1750, was enabled by improvements in farming, industry, transportation, and trade to avoid that decline in living standards which occurred in countries where population grew but productive methods stood still, as in Ireland, India, and China. At first the British did little more than maintain in general the customary low standard of preceding centuries; but by the Victorian era, say the 1840s or 1850s, when the growth of national income began markedly to outstrip that of population, vast masses of the people became accustomed to the idea, commonplace today but novel then, of a rising standard of living.

Britain's relatively fortunate lot was possible because sufficient numbers of men were bent on increasing their incomes by seeking new methods, machines, or ways of organizing enterprises, and by ploughing abnormally large investments into farms, factories, canals, highways, railroads, steamships, and the whole fixed or operating capital requirements of an industrial state. Investment is Professor Court's *leitmotif*.

It was private investment, made by men willing to risk their money in any undertaking that looked profitable in a land and a period that more than any other deserve the label "free enterprise." Some of it was blind and greedy, as were some managers of businesses, but not all. As it came entirely from domestic savings, "such an internal effort laid, and was bound to lay, a heavy burden upon the people" until the economy was over the hump. Its flow was not even, but alternated violently between the booms and busts which it helped to cause and according to prices present or prospective. It reached its greatest volume in the expansive years 1850-1873.

IN THE interwar years investors shunned the great staple industries—coal, cotton, shipbuilding, and iron—which had been the pillars of the Victorian economy but were now tottering. Instead funds went into new fields—chemicals, plastics, electrical appliances, and the like. Hence the years 1919-1939, like those of a hundred years before, saw the old decay and the new develop with peculiar intensity. In both periods the sufferings of those involved in the declining industries caused great social bitterness which obscured in part the introduction of new techniques and large-scale capacity. For Britain was far from ended as an industrial state. In fact, Mr. Court claims that as a result of these processes of decay and growth the economic structure which carried the economic effort of World War II was more ample in its product than that available in World War I.

Around this central theme Mr. Court assembles the problems of transition to an urban civilization. His judgments on the social aspects of that great change will not please those who insist that entrepreneurs indulged in an orgy of soulless cupidity, or those who seem to suggest that welfare and happiness can be measured by the trend of real wages. In the current controversy about "Capitalism and the Historians" no one can accuse him of an "anti-capitalistic bias" or of its opposite. He is too much of a combination of the dispassionate and the compassionate.

Notes

WALLY AND EDDIE: In these days of icy war and H-bomb it is hard to remember back to 1936 when the world was held breathless by the romance of Mrs. Simpson and the then King Edward VIII. Yet after reading **"The Woman Who Would Be Queen,"** by Geoffrey Bocca (Rinehart, $4), it cannot be said that we were all terribly naive in 1936. For the romance of Edward and Wallis, the impact of which has been dulled by World War II, was quite an event, moving toward Abdication with (even today) an excruciating suspense. Though put forward as a biography of the fashionable lady who instead of becoming Queen became Duchess of Windsor, the book contains as much about the contradictory, exasperating man who became the Duke. Mr. Bocca says the King-for-a-Year fell in love with Wallis with the same Hanoverian intensity that his great-grandmother Victoria felt for her Albert—an illuminating comparison. He also etches Wallis's Baltimore childhood, pointing out that even then she possessed an "inhuman sophistication." By quoting those who know her, he indicates that the Duchess talks constantly, which may well delight the Duke, whose Prince of Wales years were largely passed in forcing conversations with people he had never seen before and would never see again. Altogether Mr. Bocca has done a remarkable job of revivifying one of the important love stories of all time. It moves from high drama, to comedy of errors (and stupidity), to tragicomedy, to seeming tragedy, but the author labors none unduly. Perhaps his most unusual feat is that, even after the dreary society-page stories

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of the last decade, he makes the love of Edward and Wallis seem a romance again. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

THE QUEEN MOTHER: Americans who were further won to England's Queen Mother (as who was not) on her recent visit to this country will find more about that cheery lady in **"Royal Mother, The Story of Queen Mother Elizabeth and Her Family,"** by Jennifer Ellis (Prentice-Hall, $2.95). A frankly admiring, anecdotal biography, this begins with her birth as Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon in 1900 and continues affectionately to the present day. There are, of course, numerous stories of King George VI, as well as of the current Queen and Princess Margaret, who were surprisingly normal children. Well illustrated, and not at all hard to read. —A. C.

INDIAN ADMINISTRATOR: Professor Keith Feiling of the University of Oxford is the author of several important historical studies on periods as wide-ranging as the eras of the Tudors and of Victoria. But, like most historians, he has failed to maintain uniform standards of excellence in his writings. His biography of Neville Chamberlain, written too soon after the death of its hero, often reads more like a Conservative Party pamphlet than a sober historical study. His "History of England from the Coming of the English to 1918" is too often superficial, disorganized, and uninformed as to the results of recent research.

His latest book, **"Warren Hastings"** (St. Martin's Press, $6), is also a disappointment. In part this is not Professor Feiling's fault, for it would be hard to find a biographical subject more elusive than Hastings (1732-1818). He was an almost unbelievably complicated figure who lived in an age the understanding of which becomes more difficult as time passes. Professor Feiling is certainly sympathetic to his subject, but he lacks the feeling for eighteenth-century India that is necessary if Hastings is to be brought back to life in the setting in which he functioned as a colonial administrator.

Unhappily, his book is largely a collection of facts, both important and trivial; and he has seen fit only rarely to comment on the significance of the details in which he revels. This reticence is all the more unfortunate in the light of the analytical and interpretative gifts that he demonstrated in earlier writings. In short, if Professor Feiling had given as much time to thinking about the material he gathered as he did to the process of accumulating notes he would have written a far better biography.

—HERMAN AUSUBEL.

NEW EDITIONS

Conglomerate Religions

WE ORDINARILY use the words Hinduism and Buddhism without qualification, as if each stood for one definite body of belief, but we can use neither with accuracy unless we specify the time and place and sect of which we are speaking. Hinduism is an ocean into which many streams have flowed. Buddhism is a giant tree that has sent forth many branches, and borne strangely different fruits. Or—to change the figures of speech—it might be better to say that both Hinduism and Buddhism are jungles of metaphysics and mythology, in which the curious but innocent explorer will find himself hopelessly lost unless he has the aid of a learned guide. Such expert guidance is provided by three books recently published by Barnes & Noble. One is "Hinduism and Buddhism" (3 vols., $17.50), by Sir Charles Eliot; the other two, by Edward J. Thomas, are "The Life of Buddha" ($6.50) and "The History of Buddhist Thought" ($6.50).

Sir Charles's comprehensive work, first published in 1921, and still, I believe, preeminent in its field, carries the subtitle "An Historical Sketch." But the word "sketch" does no justice to the learning that supports and informs it. What Sir Charles gives us is a clear, detailed account of the dominant role that religion has played in Indian life, and a further account of the remarkable conquests of Buddhism outside India—in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, Korea, Japan, and Tibet. But the success of Buddhism abroad was made possible by an adaptability that verged on opportunism, and the long history of Hinduism is a history of assimilation and corruption. "Indian thought," declares Sir Charles, "makes clearings in the jungle of mythology, which become obliterated or diminished as the jungle grows over them again. Buddhism was the most thorough of such clearings, yet it was invaded more rapidly and completely than any other."

Dr. Thomas's books complement and confirm—despite minor differences—the work of Sir Charles Eliot. "The Life of Buddha" is subtitled "As Legend and History," and in his introduction to "The History of Buddhist Thought" the author makes it clear that "the popular story of Buddha's life, as known to the West, is merely the modern version" of a single tradition, "and it has been made plausible only by ignoring the other accounts and omitting all the marvels." Of particular value in "The Life" is the appendix that gives a complete bibliography of the Pali Canon "as known to Buddhaghosa in the fifth century A.D."

India's role in world affairs is of increasing importance, and it is increasingly important that we should understand the Indian "mind." Sir Charles Eliot and Dr. Thomas can help us towards such an understanding.

THE revised edition of Abbott Payson Usher's "A History of Mechanical Inventions" (Harvard University Press, $9) returns to print a fascinating book that is more than a history. "For purposes of economic and social activity," writes Professor Usher, "the geographic environment is not the totality of physical features, but only that part of the complex which we can conceivably use, immediately or ultimately. This effective geographic environment is determined by our skills in using it; it is, therefore, related to the development of technology. The environment is enlarged by new knowledge and new skills. The distinctive feature of human evolution lies in this fact. Human societies not only select an environment, they make their environment." In other words—and it is a thought to dwell on—man is the only animal who has ever been able to make his own future. The part played by the subconscious mind, or by intuition, in this constructive process is dealt with in Jacques Hadamard's "The Psychology of Invention in the Mathematical Field" (Dover, $1.25)—a good companion volume for Professor Usher's "History."

Doubleday has boxed three of Irving Stone's best-sellers—"Immortal Wife," "The President's Lady," and "Love Is Eternal"—as "A Trilogy of American Marriage" ($10). "The Tempest" ($3.50), edited by Frank Kermode, and "Antony and Cleopatra" ($3.85), edited by M. R. Ridley, have been added to the Arden Shakespeare (Harvard University Press) praised before now in this department; "The Duke's Children," a better novel than some critics think it is, has been added to the Oxford Trollope Crown Edition ($5.75); and the most recent addition to the New Oxford Illustrated Dickens is "Christmas Books" ($2.50). —BEN PAY REDMAN.

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The Saturday Review

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Braver and Newer

BACK in the late Twenties, when I was chief of the Berlin Bureau of the *Chicago Daily News*, I received a request for a job from a certain Doctor Paul Joseph Goebbels. The Bureau had no vacancy, but I suggested that the writer call if he ever came to Berlin. This he did. I met a small, dark, embittered man who walked with a limp and wrote limping plays that nobody would produce.

Later Goebbels's name became only too familiar. When he came to Berlin as executive editor of the new Nazi newspaper there I had repeated talks with the outspoken little Nazi.

However much he failed as playwright, he was incomparable as propagandist. Therefore, on one occasion when personally unable to attend a monster rally in the *Sportpalast* which Goebbels was slated to address, I visited him and asked for a text.

He was willing. "I am announcing our Party's future program."

"What are you going to say?"

"Just this: under National Socialism *everything will be different.*

"Oh, yeah?" I ironized. "Let's get down to details."

"No details. Lieber Herr Mowrer, a good politician keeps his promises as wide as the sky—and as empty. Any details are bound to disappoint somebody. But by promising a complete change I shall nourish the secret hopes of every single listener—and let it go at that. On such a platform we Nazis are sure to win. Once in power we shall do as we please. But doesn't it sound wonderful: *Es wird Alles anders werden*"?

To me at the time it sounded silly—and was I wrong! It drew the Germans as a garbage can, even empty, draws flies. It made the prophet-charlatan Adolf Hitler absolute boss of the world's best-educated people. It made little Joe Goebbels Propaganda Minister of the Third Reich.

Some will say that such empty stuff could draw only Germans. Wrong. Today's Communists are using as much of the same technique as their doctrine (the Nazis had none) will allow. They too promise every discontented outsider just what he wants if only he will support the Communist Party—and wait until the Red Ship comes in!

What is wrong with American propaganda? Essentially this: Among the world's major peoples Americans alone are satisfied with what is—or think they are. Not altogether alone. There are satisfied groups—*beati possidentes*—everywhere. A few smaller peoples—the Swiss and Scandinavians, the Thais, the Uruguayans, etc.—like us, think more of keeping what they have than of kicking over the applecart. But the vast majority of the race is dissatisfied to the point of welcoming *any* change. They are consumed by a fire of discontent. Skilfully the Kremlin stokes this fire. But it did not create it. This flame was ignited by modern technology with its promise of more and better things for everybody. Communism fans the fire—and moves in behind it. America seems to stand against it with a fire extinguisher—and continually gets burned.

What can we do about it?

Two possibilities are plain. First, we can go on just about as now, taking revenge for our failures abroad on our few domestic Commies, pinkos, and independent radicals. It may work. Maybe God will melt the hard Communist hearts, or set them to quarreling among themselves, or utterly destroy them. (We have always been lucky.)

Second, we could recognize the tremendous power of our own historical experience and then act upon it. In this case, the President would start by proclaiming as the American goal the creation of a world braver and newer than any seen before, a world *where everything* (almost!) *would be different.*

FOR a century and a half Americans have been consciously building a country *unlike* others. This we proudly called the *new* country. Yet recently, irritated beyond measure by the spread of the Red Blight, we have partly shifted emphasis from creation to preservation of the "American way of life." Our way of life has great value. Yet its unique quality has been its hospitality to change. We can not only truthfully, we should logically admit publicly that we intend to remain a dynamic people.

Today the American people alone possess the means and ability to take the empty Goebbelsian slogan and fill it with substantial, peaceful content. No amount of success here would immediately exempt us from the sacrifice of maintaining military preponderance over the Communists until we have beaten them elsewhere. But it would make that sacrifice bearable.

And even—which I do not admit—if we did not overtrump Moscow by publicly acknowledging our revolutionary role in the world, we should not be without all profit. We should doubtless have modified some of our less pleasant recent habits. We should cease to fear, and rather to welcome, contact with our adversaries, relegating the problem of our few domestic spies and traitors from the political to the criminal plane. We might modify the McCarran-Walter Act so far as it applies to transients. Abroad we might encourage our people to seek out Commies and "neutrals" whether at the diplomatic or the "cultural" table. Have we no faith in our beliefs? I never yet met a Communist to whom I could not stand up in argument. Who is the more afraid of whom? And we might drop our childish suspicion of the United Nations. With the world's ultimate choice—I say, *ultimate*—so clearly between enforceable world law for everybody and wars *ad infinitum* which do we prefer?

All in all, we might find Goebbels's slogan worth trying.

—EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHRIST VS. SOCRATES

ALTHOUGH I have great respect for Reinhold Niebuhr as man and moralist I consider his essay "Christ vs. Socrates" [*SR* Dec. 18] a classic example of theological obscurantism. I challenge anyone, including the author, to explain the meaning of the following statements in such a manner that their truth or falsity might conceivably be determined: "But there is no possibility of an ultimate redemption of the self from itself"; and, "The self has the power to transcend nature and reason . . ." Doubtless, these sentences are capable of profound interpretation by those initiated into the esoteric mysteries of metaphysics, but the ideas of a self being redeemed from itself and a self-transcending nature and reason are meaningless to ordinary mortals.

C. W. GRIFFIN.

Erlton, N. J.

REMARKABLY FAIR

IN "CHRIST VS. SOCRATES" Reinhold Niebuhr has proved once more his ability to write thought-provoking observations on the application of Christian principles in judging the modern world. For a man so thoroughly committed to the viewpoint of one particular faith and writing in the teeth of modern conviction he is remarkably fair. He seems to be nearly as well aware of the sins of many devout Christians as he is of the opposing shortcomings of the rest of us.

However, when he says "religion may be the engine of cruelty" he is surely thinking of the harshness and intolerance that may be incidental byproducts of vehement convictions; he is clearly not thinking of the cruelty to human nature implicit in his central demand for "a broken spirit and a contrite heart." To insist that the pot be made over, even if it be broken in the process, seems a curious way of showing one's esteem for the maker.

RICHARD KIRK WASHBURN.

Springfield, Mass.

NIEBUHR VS. HUXLEY

IN the excellent article "Christ vs. Socrates," by Reinhold Niebuhr, I take it that he disavows Aldous Huxley as a Christian, and on reading his "The Perennial Philosophy" finds Huxley merely a "humanist," an "intellectual," and a "mystic." He says Huxley finds "Christian faith incredible."

I have read Huxley's book twice, and while he quotes generously from the Oriental philosophies, he gives great space to such writers as Law, Eckhart, St. Francis, St. Bernard, St. Augustine, John Woolman, Fenelon, and hosts of other saints of the Christian church, or devout Christians, all of whom testify to the simple verities of the Christian religion through faith. I admit it was somewhat of a shock to find Mr. Huxley writing along this line after reading his "Point Counter-Point" and "Eyeless in Gaza." To give Mr. Huxley but one quotation of his own from this remarkable book, "The Perennial Philosophy," "Not I, but God in me . . . . . In any given instance, human grace may be wholly good, inasmuch as it helps the recipient in the task of achieving the unitive knowledge of God; but because of its course in the individualized self, it is always a little suspect and, in many cases, of course, the help it gives is help towards the achievements of ends very different from the true end of our existence." I cannot find any negation of Christian faith in this or any substitution of some mystic vacuities for faith in Biblical revelation.

J. MILNOR DOREY.

Williamsport, Pa.

"I see Capital and Labor are coming back."

A TIME FOR PEACE

THE MAN WHO wrote, "The factor in human life provocative of a noble discontent is the gradual emergence into prominence of a sense of criticism, founded upon appreciation of beauty, and of intellectual distinction, and of duty," named this critical discontent the gadfly of civilization. Alfred North Whitehead also named peace as one of the five essential qualities whose joint realization in social life constitutes civilization. If a critical discontent is founded partly upon intellectual distinction, how can Warren Weaver ["Peace of Mind," *SR* Dec. 11] try to make peace and anesthesia appear synonymous? How can he speak of Schweitzer and not mention Gandhi? How can he be so certain about the temperature of hell when Einstein has introduced us to a new universe where certainty is disappearing into a region not amenable to exact interpretation? It is said in the Book of Ecclesiastes: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." It may be there is a time for restlessness, and a time for peace. Peace has been described as a gift—the experience of which is largely beyond the control of purpose. May God pity Weaver, as he asks, on the day when he has lost his restlessness; and may He give him peace if the time comes when he asks for peace.

ROVENE R. OHRENSTEIN.

Winslow, Wash.

"FANNY" OR MISHMASH?

BENNETT CERF'S comments on "Fanny" [TRADE WINDS, this week] make a good deal of sense, particularly his statement that reviewers should hear a score more than once before judging it. Unfortunately, there is usually no opportunity (as there is for opera critics) for a theatre critic to hear a score more than once before the deadline.

As far as "Fanny" is concerned, there seems to be no great quarrel between us. Both Mr. Cerf and I praised Mr. Rome's score *per se*. What Mr. Cerf and I do differ about is the yardstick of overall opinion. He seems to state that a conglomeration of "above-average" elements must add up to a thoroughly happy result. My own yardstick, on the other hand, is that in any fine piece of writing or theatre wisely-chosen elements should react and interlock with each other to produce a distinctive, original compound. I applaud all the good work that has gone into "Fanny," but deplore the random mishmash of a result.

HENRY HEWES.

New York, N.Y.

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Seeing Things

TOPS AND SECRET

IN HAPPIER times the man who once described himself to Woodrow Wilson as "your one and only Vice" contended that "what this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." Years later, when depression stalked the land, FPA amended Vice President Marshall's statement to read, "What this country needs is a good five-cent nickel." His amendment stands. Five-cent nickels would still come in handy. Though the theatre also bristles with needs, one need that it has suffered from for far too many seasons is a first-rate courtroom melodrama, a gap now happily filled by the arrival of Agatha Christie's "Witness for the Prosecution."*

There are people whose distaste for courtroom melodramas is militant. The crackle of questions throughout an evening annoys them. If they dabble in crime literature at all, they want their horrors straight.

The vast majority of theatregoers (count me among them) feel differently. Even if in my fashion they never succeed in guessing the guilty, they enjoy trying to do so. When it comes to devising such Cock Robin games, Miss Christie is an old hand and has seldom been more ingenious than in "Witness for the Prosecution." In a melodrama of this type the dialogue can, as writing, be as undistinguished as the words spoken daily by witnesses and lawyers in any courtroom in any land. But literature is not the object of this kind of playmaking and, quite rightly therefore, is not the concern of Miss Christie or her devotees. Hers is an engineering rather than an architectural endeavor, a matter of building instead of decorating, and the murder puzzle she builds in "Witness for the Prosecution" is highly diverting.

The program requests audiences not to divulge Miss Christie's solution of her plot. This is as it should be. To spoil the fun of future playgoers by telling them what happens would in itself be a crime. Suffice it to hint that Miss Christie is telling the story of a young husband whose only chance of not being convicted for the murder of a rich spinster depends upon the evidence of his unpredictable wife. Perhaps it is fair to add that never have more startling twists been crowded into the concluding scene of a melodrama than in the last ten minutes of "Witness for the Prosecution."

As surely as Miss Christie knows how to keep such shenanigans suspensive, amusing, and properly perplexing as they shuttle between the defense counsel's chambers and the courtroom, so do the actors in the New York company under Robert Lewis's expert direction. Patricia Jessel, who created the part in London, plays the wife brilliantly. She is frightening in her coldness and her mixture of power and instability. Ernest Clark's attorney for the prosecution is wonderfully arctic in his chilliness, his hauteur, and quiet condescension.

Gene Lyons seems to me to overplay the hysteria of the husband being tried, though by doing so he may contribute values unsuspected by Miss Christie. Horace Braham is a suavely dominating judge; Una O'Connor amusing as the old Scots servant who is a complete individualist; and Michael McAloney highly entertaining as an insolent expert for the Crown. Excellent as the cast as a whole is, however, the performer who gave me my most abiding delight is Francis L. Sullivan.

Mr. Sullivan is not an undernourished man. To see him at work is to see the theatre in the round. His face resembles a double exposure of a photograph of Charles Laughton. But if his girth and jowls are large, so are his gifts. He can pant at one moment like a beached whale and at the next read a long speech with incredible fluency and innuendo. His full moon of a face can assume an expression of childlike innocence with the same ease that it can be diabolical, insolent, gay, or immensely likable. He is as fat as the part and makes the most of it. He, his fellow actors, Gilbert Miller and his associates, and, above all, Miss Christie have the heartfelt thanks of all of us who have been hungering for an excellent courtroom melodrama. I cannot imagine a more agreeable form of jury duty than seeing "Witness for the Prosecution."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

* *WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION, by Agatha Christie. Directed by Robert Lewis. Settings by Raymond Sovey. Produced by Gilbert Miller and Peter Saunders. With a cast including Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Ernest Clark, Gene Lyons, Una O'Connor, Robin Craven, Horace Braham, etc. At Henry Miller's Theatre, New York City. Opened December 16, 1954.*

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

What Every Lady Learns

"Portrait of a Lady" William Archibald's adaptation of the 900-page Henry James novel, can perhaps best be described as a cameo reel. In it Mr. Archibald has faithfully spliced together isolated frames from almost every chapter (except the last), but very seldom does the play accumulate any momentum of its own. Since the first half of the novel is devoted to "putting some wind in the sails" of its heroine, Mr. Archibald's deficiency is in part the passing on of an aspect of the original. Yet wouldn't he have been better advised to confine the stage action to the more dramatic second half, in which Isabel Archer is tested in the crucible of a malignant marriage, and to build the entire play around these episodes of revelation? Possibly, since Henry James was a unique novelist, an unconventional technique should be found to bring the novelist's fine but not theatrically-tailored dialogue into more focus.

Failing these things we can only hope to find a rare and accomplished actress who can express simultaneously the outward grace and inner torment of Isabel Archer. Such an actress Jennifer Jones in her Broadway debut is not. And, in general, the supporting cast never succeeds in creating much of a base for the highly-polished and enigmatic surface that James left them. True, James felt that it was difficult to know very much about anyone, but this is of no help to actors working in a realistic tradition. There is, nevertheless, one effective performance by Cathleen Nesbitt as the Countess Gemini. Being pretty much outside the sensitive zone of the story, she is free to make quips at the expense of the others. "What did he say in the letter?" she asks Isabel. "Nothing," replies the heroine in a ladylike effort to keep her troubles leashed. "What an odd letter!" says the Countess with a knowing grin that echoes the theatregoers' own attitude towards a play that seems determined not to let them know what it's all about.

* * *

To see what a rare and accomplished actress *can* do with a play that is more old-fashioned if less untheatrical than "Portrait of a Lady" one has only to visit the City Center and watch Helen Hayes cut capers in J. M. Barrie's **"What Every Woman Knows."** As Maggie Wylie, the plain but canny woman who makes the perfect complement to a humorless but ambitious husband, Miss Hayes plays each situation with marvelous unreticence. She challenges and vanquishes the white knight of sentimentality, whom most actresses consider their essential ally in any Barrie play. She observes at all times the contrast between the practical and the romantic. She seems never a girl in love with a man, but rather a prospective wife who sees in her marriage the chance of doing something more interesting and valuable than wizening and drying up in the Pans. Even in her burst of romanticism, when she offers the still single John Shand a chance to withdraw from his financially motivated agreement to marry her, Miss Hayes makes us feel that she does not tear up the contract until she is sure that his pride in keeping his word is still more binding.

After the marriage Miss Hayes does not let us down. Maggie wears the pants in the Shand family, but her desperate concern is to keep them hidden under her modest petticoat. Feverishly she protects her work on his behalf, and more feverishly still she contrives to defeat the beautiful young lady who falls in love with what she has helped him become. But most feverishly of all she overcomes a friend's interference which has revealed to Shand the part Maggie has been playing in his career. In this scene Miss Hayes darts about the room until she finds a place where she can stand face-to-the-wall in embarrassment. This is farcical exaggeration but delightful amusement.

There are many reasons why Helen Hayes was the ideal actress to play the thirty-three-year-old Maggie when she first revived it twenty-seven years ago. There are even more why she now is ideal for a Maggie whose age has been arbitrarily increased to thirty-nine. There is her Yankee-Scottish "I-take-nothing-for-granted" toughness, made innocently charming by her diminutive stature and her unabashed proclamation of small weaknesses. There are her speed and timing reminiscent of an electric cash-register. And there is her ability to inflect an ordinary line into a very special shape.

"How is everybody?" she asks casually, but her *everybody* can only refer to one specific fact about one specific person. —HENRY HEWES.

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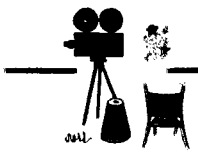

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bigger and Broadwayer Business

THE big picture trend at the West Coast dream works is taking a Ziegfeldian, or monster-musical, turn. There is little attempt these days to integrate music with book, to conform to the modern musical-play custom of using a song as a heightened form of the statement the actor is likely to make at that dramatic moment in the story. In the current offerings we are back with the plumed and beaded musicals of the past, which were, in the succinct phrase of the period, all dressed up with no place to go.

Both **"Deep in My Heart"** (M-G-M) and **"There's No Business Like Show Business"** (Twentieth Century-Fox) are loaded to the Plimsoll line with top stars and hit tunes, both are enormous and frequently satisfactory entertainments, and both suffer from an inadequacy of writing as monumental as their budgets.

"Deep in My Heart," a film biography of operetta composer Sigmund Romberg, offers the protean Jose Ferrer in the leading role, surrounds him with Helen Traubel, Doe Avedon, Merle Oberon, and Paul Stewart, and throws in guest-star appearances by Rosemary Clooney, Gene Kelly and brother Fred, Vic Damone and Jane Powell, William Olvis, Cyd Charisse, Tamara Toumanova, Ann Miller, Howard Keel, Tony Martin, and Joan Weldon, or just about every M-G-M player who can whistle, hum, or do a time-step.

The story is one of those "and-then-I-wrote" song-bags from the works of Vienna's patron saint of baritones. Ferrer interprets Romberg as an opinionated chap who writes and plays *Wiener Schnitzel* waltzes in a Second Avenue cafe operated by Helen Traubel. Unable to sell his *schmalz,* he breaks into the theatre writing ragtime nonsense for the Shuberts, eventually persuades them to present an American Viennese opera called "Maytime," goes on to write "The Student Prince," "New Moon," "The Desert Song," and a half-dozen others. On the way he marries a charming and presumably rich young lady played by Doe Avedon and does not marry a charming and chic lyric writer played with matchless style by Merle Oberon. After a while the theatrical procession moves past him, his shows are failures, and he begins the concert-personal appearance tours which were to occupy him until his death.

There is a trailing off to this narrative which gives the last half of the film a dying fall, but the musical plums along the way make this a fairly tasty Christmas pie.

Of the guest-star appearances the most effective is made by Cyd Charisse, singing "One Alone" and following it with an inflammatory *pas de deux* partnered by James Mitchell. Other highlights include a tantalizingly brief glimpse of the ballerina Toumanova playing a French fireball named Gaby Deslys, Tony Martin pouring the soothing syrup of his voice into "Lover Come Back to Me," and the amiable Helen Traubel singing "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise."

To this musical *olla podrida* Ferrer has added his own *tour de force,* a ten-minute bit in which he describes the utterly insane book of a Jolson musical called "Jazzadoo," acting out all the parts, flinging himself out the window, and finishing with a blackface imitation of Jolson charging an audience on his knees.

"There's No Business Like Show Business" is another experiment in the giant economy size. Stars include Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Johnnie Ray, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, and, for lagniappe, the intergalactically renowned, pneumatic Marilyn Monroe. "TNBLSB" could easily have been a king-sized bore, for there is a relentless lack of imagination in the staging of many of the numbers, there is an embarrassing passage about Johnnie Ray entering the priesthood and giving his acrobatic all to a number called "If You Believe," and there is an all-out attempt to shatter the eardrums with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," sung and danced in American, German, Scotch, French, and Johnnie Ray.

This Irving Berlin film is happily rescued by the master's score and by the performances. Donald O'Connor is learning the Crosby trick of throwing it away, and he is a charmer, especially in "A Man Chases a Girl." Mitzi Gaynor and Dan Dailey are useful hands around such an undertaking. Marilyn Monroe, playing an ambitious cutie, demonstrates a husky talent for song-and-dance numbers, with special marks for a song called "Lazy." If they would stop working so hard to make this girl sexy Twentieth might discover Miss Monroe is a good actress with authentic comic gifts.

The stalwart of the company is Ethel Merman. Cameraman Leon Shamroy is not as kind to her as he was in "Call Me Madam," but this is a lady with brass in her voice. When she steps out on the stage alone and brays "There's No Business Like Show Business" they can leave the cast of thousands in the wings.

Johnnie Ray's screen appearance reveals an actor still crude, but with an engaging boyish manner. When he sings he puts out so much that a certain excitement is created, even though so much is so bad.

The film presents one extraordinary innovation. Instead of the vaudeville family having its big sentimental success at the Palace, this group is a hit at the Hippodrome. It's not much, but it shows they're thinking out there.

* * *

"The Game of Love" (Shelton Films) is a French film taken from the Colette novel "Le Ble En Herbe." It seemed to me a fairly standard Continental rendering of the agonies of adolescence, including a boy and girl living together as brother and sister but knowing they are not, the mysterious woman in white who introduces boy to the mysteries of the flesh, the painful and poetic discovery of passion by the young people. The most poignant moment comes as Paul and Vinca take leave of the Brittany seacoast, where this drama has occupied their summer. Claude Autant-Lara, the director, has managed to catch a gray sky and the two small figures in dark sweaters on the rocky beach to form a composition of wistful drama. It is an image charged with the pleasure and pain of coming of age. There are striking performances by Nicole Berger, Pierre-Michel Beck, and Edwige Feuillere.

* * *

"Young at Heart" (Warner Brothers) proves that Hollywood has not lost its knack for making indifferent new pictures out of good old pictures. This is a remake of "Four Daughters" with one daughter missing, Frank Sinatra in the old John Garfield cynic-at-the-piano part, and Doris Day playing whichever one of the Lane Sisters broke her heart over him. Miss Day delivers a fresh-faced and warmhearted performance. Sinatra, although he smokes enough cigarettes for six cynics, doesn't burst from the screen with the old Garfield excitement, but he obliges with "Just One of Those Things" and "Someone to Watch Over Me" to carry us along the way.

—LEE ROGOW.

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TV AND RADIO

A Penny's Worth of Jelly Beans

THERE is a little trade joke which the writers of comedy television shows have among themselves. When the week-in, week-out chore of coming up with fresh ideas and jokes gets tough, and being cooped up in a room with four or five other manic-depressives begins to bring on spasms of claustrophobia, some wilted writer will heave a sigh from the very depths of his melancholy and say: "I've had my eye on a little candy store in Brooklyn that I can buy cheap."

Though I am a member of this rather dubious profession the confectionary business has never tempted me. But this past week I read a review in an accredited television magazine. It was a criticism of the Ronald Colman-Benita Hume show, "Halls of Ivy." I quote a few lines:

"Transplanted almost intact from radio. . . . 'The Halls of Ivy' hardly seems a full-fledged television show. It suffers for an overabundance of talk-talk-talk, however delightful, and an almost complete lack of action.

"It possesses a high degree of sophistication, of intelligence, and certainly of charm. *Once the writers grasp the essential fact that good writing is not necessarily all dialogue, this show should quickly become one of the most entertaining on the air.*"

Well, fellows, I'll tell you the kind of candy store I'm looking for.

Because, if after seven or eight years of dressing up this baby medium in scenic effects, action shots, camera tricks, chorus girls, long shots, close-ups, snowfalls, rainfalls, split screens, and now color, the parents are still loathe to teach the kid to say something intelligent, I'm packing.

There seems to be an opinion widely held by the producers of television shows that television is movies. It is. But it's *home* movies. Just try to imagine as you watch an hour's comedy entertainment on your television set that you are seeing it in your neighborhood movie. I do. And I almost always wind up imagining I'm going to the box-office to demand my money back.

In Hollywood after months of preparing a script, rehearsing it, shooting the picture, editing, and cutting a movie is ready for a sneak preview. Then there follow the retakes, some reediting and recutting, and even then the end-product is only occasionally an A picture.

What chance has a television show to compete with a movie when it's written, rehearsed, edited, and cut in a week? Or even a filmed television show turned out every week or two?

I think the time has come to face the fact that television is radio with the added dimension of a little sight. The entertainment that stood us in such good stead for so many years is not to be so easily tossed aside just because it has been "transplanted almost intact from radio."

That radio and television are interchangeable has been demonstrated quite often this past year. A recent TV show by the estimable Jack Benny could have been—and because I haven't been listening to radio much, for all I know it was—one of his delightful radio programs. It was the show where he was casting characters for a movie of the story of his life.

Practically all of it took place in an office set and all we heard was some of that horrible stuff called "dialogue." It could all have been transplanted to radio, even to the big sight laugh where he was kissed by a luscious blonde. Especially when you consider that the biggest "sight" laugh radio ever produced in its heyday came when Jack was held up one Sunday night. And when the holdup man said "Your money or your life" there was the longest pause while Jack considered the tempting alternatives followed by the longest laugh ever heard on radio.

Some of the other better comedy shows on television go for that ridiculous stuff called dialogue rather than stressing action and "takes." The Burns and Allen show comes to mind, also Ozzie and Harriet, and the always dependable Groucho Marx, whose show every week is transplanted from radio to television or *vice versa*. To say nothing of television's newest and most amusing man of dialogue, George Gobel, with an amazing amount of adult conversation manufactured weekly by the deft, inventive Hall Kanter and his glib staff of refugees from a candy store.

This is not to say that the dimension offered by television is to be ignored entirely. For instance, it's a little silly for a comedian to come onstage, as I saw one do recently on a TV show, and stop to look at himself in a mirror with the line of dialogue: "Oh! A mirror!" And I think it's also time to stop having a scene fade with the line "I'm going over to the Arthur Murray studio to learn the mambo, because my biggest customer is coming to town with his wife and I know she loves to mambo so I'll go over to Arthur Murray's studio and learn how to mambo, the Arthur Murray Dance Studio way."

This deathless line of prose is usually followed by an exterior shot of a building that says "Arthur Murray's Dance Studio," which dissolves to an interior shot of the reception room where the girl is answering the phone: "Good morning. This is Arthur Murray's Dance Studio." By this time everyone suspects we are at the Arthur Murray Dance studio.

That of course is a hangover from the old radio technique, and is not taking the little advantage the new medium offers. Sure, in television there is a picture and it moves, but the medium can never become moving pictures as long as it has to turn out hours of mass entertainment daily.

The time has come for us to stop watching television and start listening to it. It's getting a little corny for the critics of television to keep looking for action and to decry the use of dialogue. And any comedy writer of the stature of Don Quinn, who writes "Halls of Ivy," who takes that kind of criticism lying down is only indulging in self-flagellation.

As for me I'm opening a candy store. Licorice whips, fellows?

—GOODMAN ACE.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1084)

HAROLD W. GLEASON:

AT MIDNIGHT

Well, Old Fellow, must you go
Trudging off to yesterday?
Yes, it's nearly twelve, we know,
And you've quite a jaunt, you say. . . .

So he passes . . . Whistles blare,
Gay bells clang in tower and steeple. . . .
Cherub smiling on the stair,
Toddle down and meet the people!

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street"

WHATEVER may be the eventual judgment of Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Saint of Bleecker Street," it may be endorsed at once as his most ambitious theatrical undertaking to date, and musically his most impressive one. Leaving behind the briefer span of the early one-acters, the two-act "Medium," and the three-act "Consul," which sagged somewhat toward the end, he has written a work which absorbs throughout, and never more than at the very end.

The setting in New York's "Little Italy," with its attachment to foreign ways, its folk and religious ceremonials, and its melting pot which is still a boiling pot, provides an ideal background for Menotti's intentions: a synthesis of Italian operatic emotional appeal with the swifter pace and more intimate detail of the American (Broadway) theatre. These people sing as naturally as they speak (to excellent "impromptu" effect in a wedding scene of Act II), and when they raise their collective voices in the ceremonial music of the Catholic Church which courses through the action the consequence is altogether stirring.

The Catholic Church is of natural mention before any of the principals, for it is *the* principal, in a contest involving sickly Annina with her visions and her piety, her vehemently bitter brother Michele, who scorns his "superstitious" neighbors for creating "an island of defeat" in the New World in which they cling to the ways of the old, and the very fleshly Desideria, whose mockery of her Michele's attachment for his sister causes him to knife her (in anger, but irretrievably, nevertheless). This sets the emotional stage for the third act, in which the fugitive Michele begs his sister to shed her love upon him, rather than taking the veil as is her ardent hope. Eternity wins out over fraternity, however, in her renunciation of the world, and a saintly death as the curtain falls.

The music with which Menotti has surrounded this proposition is rather more varied than his own dramatic invention. There are mood and atmosphere in it from the very first, an unfolding abundance of melodic ideas, rising to a superb sequence of solo pieces at the climax of Act II, when the brother's girl-friend first taunts him for being ashamed of her in the eyes of their neighbors, and he responds with a tirade about his own mental attitudes. Out of this arises the situation in which she is stabbed, and the gory road to operatic grandeur knows few keener bits of theatricality.

Menotti's attachment to the Grand Guignol school of shock effect is no less in "The Saint of Bleecker Street" than in "The Consul" or "The Medium," so that every time a climax of one sort is being prepared one involuntarily looks about to see where the counter-climax is coming from. Thus, the gay brass band in the ceremonial procession at the end of Act I as the neighborhood toughs beat up Michele when he tries to prevent his sister from being made a symbol of religious fanaticism; or the tragic turn to the lively wedding atmosphere of Act II. Let it be said for him, however, that he played the third act straight, and did not defile the ceremonial with anything more intrusive than the expectable return of Michele, now powerless to prevent his sister from realizing her heart's desire.

I have refrained previously from mentioning Puccini, since that is as standard in a discussion of Menotti as Wilde in a discussion of Coward. The Menottian melodic line, it seems to me, is branching out and climbing higher along the wall of tradition than ever before; it is finding new crevasses, harmonic and rhythmic, in which to fasten its hold for further progress; the orchestral writing is both more adventurous and much more explicit than in any previous score—perhaps because this time the composer aimed for the ultimate (La Scala, the Metropolitan, City Center) rather than restraining himself to a "safe" theatrical scoring.

As well as being his own "script-writer" and composer, Menotti cast the work himself and directed it. His choice of personnel for the important roles was vastly successful, especially in the instance of Virginia Copeland, who surmounted not only the vocal but also the dramatic challenge of the key role of Annina, who is "sanctified." She was, indeed, almost uncomfortably realistic. David Poleri had a magnificent success as Michele, utilizing all his unquestioned gifts, under Menotti's direction, to a living likeness of the rebellious brother, while singing his music with fervor and fine sound. In the more pat role of Desideria, Gloria Lane (the "Papers, Papers" secretary of "The Consul") was vocally superior, if dramatically somewhat ordinary. Leon Lishner again gave excellent service in a Menotti work (this time as a priest), likewise Maria Marlo, Maria di Gerlando, and David Aiken. For Thomas Schippers, who conducted, this was a notable forward step in a career of great promise, and his very able ensemble of former NBC players gave him of their best—which, in Broadway terms, is literally out of the world.

How much Menotti really shares the special pleading of "The Saint of Bleecker Street" I would have no way of knowing, for it strikes me that he is here as much attached to the panoply and trapping of Catholic rituals as he was to phony tablerapping in "The Medium" or the suspense-chase atmosphere of secret agents and counterspies in "The Consul." That is to say, it serves a theatrical end, and thus justifies its choice. In the arena of winning friends and influencing people, I would say that the generalized faith of "Amahl," with all its simplicity, is more communicative than the specialized attitude of "The Saint of Bleecker Street," in its complexity.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Chosen Roads

By Joseph Joel Keith

THE strange road passing Hawley,
where does the long road go?
What was that far-off whistle?
Is it time to know?

Oh, hush now. Listen: hear that?

It is something in the Hollow.
Is it a lost lamb calling?
It is time to follow.

But the long road passing Hawley?

It is too far away.
That road has no ending;
I found that out one day.
Now wait; oh, wait, and listen.
A bird fell from its nest.
No, it is up in the sky?
That other was joy's cry.
The lamb's found Hawley's hill.
Each knows the way that's best,
and it's best we know our own road
the near way and near sound,
before far dreams are found,
or not found, on the lone road.

Well, then, let us wait;
be sure and then go straight,
and not around, around.

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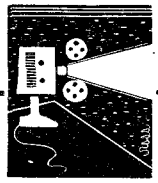

IDEAS ON FILM

The Film Society

A SIGNIFICANT step forward in the American film society movement, which goes back at least several decades, is the recent undertaking of a survey to find out where, how, and why these groups operate. Now being conducted by the newly formed Film Society Caucus, which met informally last April in connection with the American Film Assembly in Chicago, the survey is proceeding with the help of the Film Council of America to tabulate fully the scope and problems of all known film societies in this country. According to an announcement in the FCA publication "Rushes," over 300 answers to the questionnaire-survey were received in the first six weeks, and they are still being received in considerable quantity.

Interest in the film society is at an all-time high, and still on the upgrade. Although the problems which harass even the most dedicated film enthusiasts are not subsiding, there is hope that through some sort of federation the necessary strength and comfort can be found to solve them. It becomes increasingly probable that every self-respecting community will one day have its own non-commercial film group, sponsored by a college or church, library, museum, or independently organized. In fact, the variations in sponsorship, purpose, and types of film to be shown leave room for several different groups to operate in the same city without conflicting with each other, with theatrical showings of films, or even with film shows on television.

Among the feature films currently released on 16mm a veritable World Theatre is presented. This month's films originate from such farflung places as South Africa, Australia, India, France, Germany, Great Britain, and Mexico—and of course the U.S. Some of the films were great at the box office and still merit long-term informal showings among film enthusiasts. Some had only limited theatrical success, because of an inherent deficiency in popular appeal. Interestingly, a film that deals too seriously with evil can be as limited in appeal as one concerned only with goodness. In this connection it would be interesting to compare the box office records of "The Young and the Damned" and "The Strange Ones" with, let us say, "The Diary of a Country Priest" and "Wherever She Goes." In tone and temperament they range the widest extremes of human experience—at least insofar as it is expressed in contemporary society—and these films too deserve longer life and critical scrutiny.

My list of currently released features on 16mm begins most enthusiastically with Charles Frend's **"The Cruel Sea,"** based as you know on the Monserrat novel. Each of us responds to movies in different ways—and often we respond to much more than the movie, to the day's events, to the person sitting alongside, to a prevailing mood of our own. Let me say, however, that I must have seen "The Cruel Sea" under ideal circumstances, for I found it one of the most exciting and pleasurable experiences of my lifetime. The vivid personality of the British captain, magnificently assumed by Jack Hawkins, and the excellence of the surrounding group of characters and performers, are part of the film's achievement. But to these must be added skilful camera-work, subtle dialogue, and a rich musical score, all of which are directed toward making the people and story as fascinating as the sea itself. The film runs 121 minutes, and is distributed for 16mm rental by United World Films, 1445 Park Avenue, New York 29, N. Y.

Also of interest from United World Films: Alex Guinness as a mid-Victorian rascal in **"The Promoter"** (89 min.), with Glynis Johns and Valerie Hobson; **"Crash of Silence"** (93 min.), a most endearing film about a deaf child (Mandy Miller), her parents (Phyllis Calvert and Terence Morgan), and a teacher who brings love into her life (again that wonderful Jack Hawkins).

From Australia comes an especially delightful film, **"Wherever She Goes,"** telling the life story of the concert pianist Eileen Joyce from early childhood in pastoral Tasmania until departure for London and career. Suzanne Parrett plays the role of the young Miss Joyce, adding honor to the profession of acting among children. There is a pleasing, quiet pace to the film, with enough humor and sentiment to make it interesting, and enough honesty to make it worthwhile. Background views of Tasmania and Western Australia add pictorial enrichment, and the musical score includes snatches from Grieg, Beethoven, Liszt, and Schumann, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. "Wherever She Goes" (80 min.) is a Kingsley release, available non-theatrically from Brandon Films, 200 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

"Pennywhistle Blues" (formerly called "The Magic Garden," 63 min.) is a comic fantasy from South Africa with non-professional native actors racing through a whirlwind adventure about stolen money falling into the hands of various needy people. What most people have raved about is its jazzy, impudent, musical background, which has been compared in effectiveness to the recurring theme in "The Third Man." For a low-budget independent production the film has an unusually high degree of inventiveness and verve.

ANOTHER picture of contemporary life in South Africa is presented in the newly released featurette **"Lobola"** (26 min.), a serious attempt to document the place and the people through episodes in the life of one young man. The story begins in a primitive community where young Sam Massinga is refused permission to marry the girl of his choice because she is from another tribe. Unable to break down these restrictions, he goes to Johannesburg, adopts modern dress and the ways of the city in search of a future. The film ends enigmatically with his beseeching a witch doctor for advice. There are many touching sequences in "Lobola," commenting upon a social problem without pretending to have an easy answer for it. The film was written, directed, and photographed by Jan M. Perold, and is presented in the U. S. by Larry Frisch. Available for 16mm sale and rental from Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

From the vast amount of newsreel footage which recorded much of his public life, an eighty-two-minute film biography of Mahatma Gandhi has been put together, with commentary by Quentin Reynolds. It is an incredibly poor production, as lifeless and senseless as a film can be—yet despite this total handicap you'll do yourself a favor to see it. Gandhi stands out as a distinguished character of our century, exerting a kind of leadership the modern world had never before known. Most memorable in the picture is the sequence of the march to the sea, wherein he defied the British Government's tax on salt and nobly demonstrated the powers of passive insistence. **"Mahatma Gandhi, Twentieth Century Prophet"** (82 minutes) is something of an ordeal to sit through, but you'll be left with a lifetime of inspiration from so close an association with this tremendously human being. Distributed in 16mm

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—*From "The Cruel Sea."*

". . . fascinating as the sea."

and 35mm to college groups, churches, and art theatres from Ideal Pictures, 65 East South Water Street, Chicago 15, Illinois.

A greatly different portrait of modern leadership is Robert Rossen's **"All the King's Men,"** brilliantly adapted from Robert Penn Warren's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel about the rise and fall of a Southern demagogue named Willie Stark. Within the tradition of the dramatic fiction film, it balances a great weight with screaming finesse. Broderick Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge received Oscars for their performances as star and supporting player, and the film itself received another Oscar as the best production of the year. Director Rossen has contributed a photographic style which develops the characters and situations beyond the limitations of words and actions alone, at times perhaps overly effective. "All the King's Men" (110 min.) is available for 16mm rental from the various offices of Association Films (Broad at Elm Streets, Ridgefield, New Jersey; other offices in Chicago, San Francisco, and Dallas), and from other 16mm distributors, including Contemporary Films and Brandon Films.

If you're looking for trouble, you'll find it, shocking and terrifying, in Luis Buñuel's **"The Young and the Damned."** This isn't the make-believe kind of violence we usually see in movies, with the poor boy joining a professional gang and becoming a successful criminal before the film is ten minutes old. The boys in this film live in a world where success is not possible. To rob there is only a depraved old blind man, to beat up there is only a legless beggar, to kill there are only the others in the gang, to seduce only a sister or a mother of one of the other boys. Everything and everyone within this world is wild and terrifying, and one who wanders into it, as does the sweet "lost boy," must grow wild or perish. There is no other world for these boys. It is possible to be a healthy self-respecting bricklayer, but not for long. It is possible to enjoy the comforts of a modern training farm, but not for long. The film is a case-study in pain and brutality, recorded as carefully and unemotionally as a research scientist would record the symptoms of a patient's lingering and comfortless disease. Made in Mexico City (it has Spanish dialogue with English sub-titles), it is overwhelmingly powerful within its limited perspective. Buñuel, you may remember, has already demonstrated his fascination for fantastic unreality in "Un Chien Andalou" and for pitiless reality in "Land Without Bread." In "The Young and the Damned" he brings together both threads of his past and weaves them skilfully into one taut strand. Now that I have said how terrifying and shocking it all is, I should like to add that having been similarly prewarned, I found the film not nearly so hard to take as I had expected. (81 min., a Kingsley release available on 16mm from Brandon Films.)

If Buñuel's "The Young and the Damned" is a virtual no-man's-land of corruption, his **"Mexican Bus Ride"** is as commonplace as an open-air hot-dog stand. The story itself is insignificant—a dying woman sends her just-married son to another village to have her will drawn up against the wishes of her two wicked sons. What matters is the bright array of people introduced to us on the bus trip. It looks as if the good son will never get where he's going—a baby is born, the bus driver stops to celebrate his mother's birthday, and finally our fine hero takes time out to succumb to the amorous suggestions of a lady passenger. I wouldn't suggest the film be shown in high schools. "Mexican Bus Ride" ("Subida al Cielo," 75 min.) was the 1952 Cannes Winner of the Grand Prix du Film d'Avant-garde, and is available in Spanish with English subtitles on 16mm and 35mm from Clasa-Mohme Inc., 2019 South Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles 7, California.

My favorite surprise among recently released foreign films is a German production which bears the unclear title of **"Film Without a Name"** (74 min.). It was made in the British occupation zone soon after the end of the war, and begins as a three-way discussion between a film director, a writer, and an actor on the difficulty of finishing a subject for a motion picture suitable to the times. They are interrupted by two friends of the writer, a highborn antique dealer and a handsome farm girl who invite the trio to her brother's wedding the following week and then depart happily. How did these two ever meet, the actor wonders. As their love story is told in flashback by the writer—and a more charming one would be hard to find—there are periodic returns to the narrator and his listeners who begin to sense the possibilities of a film in what they are hearing. They offer their own variations on how it would be changed to fit their movie styles.

"Film Without a Name" is a slight and highly stylized production, with an obtrusive amount of camera zooming and panning, which I accepted as necessary to setting the pace. The sound track, too, is original and moving, particularly the use of romantic music introduced in the film via radio. It is a puzzler to anyone who wants things to be literal and defined—but once you realize that its strength is its sweet inconsistency you may enjoy it as much as I did—or nearly. Hildegarde Neff and Hans Sohnker are the attractive leading players, and several of the minor actors keep the acting on a relatively high level. Rudolf Jugert directed and Igor Oberberg photographed "Film Without a Name," and I suspect they had a grand time doing it. Edward Kingsley did the adaptation and subtitles, and Brandon Films again is the 16mm distributor.

If you have more than a nodding acquaintance with French you'll enjoy Noël-Noël in **"Spice of Life"** ("Les Casse-ieds," 71 min.), a tricky, episodic film about the countless pests and bores who can make life seem unbearable—the careless woman driver, the practical joker, the non-stop talker, and "some of your best friends." Noël-Noël, in case you haven't seen him, is one of France's funniest entertainers, and witty to boot—a cross between Robert Benchley and Charlie Chaplin and Santa Claus, I would say. This film is rather special—I found it vastly entertaining, and you may too. Another Kingsley-Brandon 16mm release.

Also in the episodic vein is **"The Seven Deadly Sins,"** (125 min.) with an all-star cast that includes Gerard Philipe as devil's advocate, with Michele Morgan, Françoise Rosay, Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Noël-Noël, with a battery of well-known directors to back them up. Sloth, gluttony, anger, avarice, envy, pride, and lust are enacted in turn, some jokingly and some in deadly earnest. Five of the episodes are in French and two in Italian—all with English subtitles. The film moves at an easy pace, bogging down only in some of Gerard Philipe's connecting scenes. Available from Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

—Cecile Starr.

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of considerations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

ALL MY DARLINGS. By Thomas Byrnes. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. Mr. Byrnes, who has nine children and has heard of "Cheaper by the Dozen," apparently decided to get the children down in print before they hear of "Life with Father."

BEN-GURION OF ISRAEL. By Barnet Litvinoff. Frederick A. Praeger. $4. The first full-length biography of the Zionist who became the first prime minister of modern Israel.

CATCH THE GOLD RING. By John Stephen Strange. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The time: the present. The place: Paris. The situation: Henri Magritte works overtime finding the informer who turned in his Henri's, brother to the Gestapo a long time ago and has another affair with a girl he also knew a long time ago.

CIVILIZATION AND FOREIGN POLICY: An Inquiry for Americans. By Louis J. Halle. Harper & Bros. $3.75. A major study of foreign policy by a former member of the U.S. State Department's Policy Planning Staff, in which Mr. Halle applies some principles and practicality to figure out what he thinks our foreign policy should be. Introduction by Dean Acheson.

THE DUCK HUNT. By Hugo Claus. Translated by George Libaire. Random House. $3. The complicated relationships, both erratic and erotic, of a household of French provincials, all of them physically mature but some of them mentally otherwise, together with some shooting up of ducks and windows, and of their ostracism from the community.

THE GADGET MAKER. By Maxwell Griffith. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75. A young engineer who turned novelist and wrote a novel called "Port of Call" in 1952 has now written a novel about engineers.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A. By Richard Stoddard Aldrich. Greystone Press. $4.95. The married life of the fabulous Miss Lawrence, as told by the man who should know about it, her husband.

THE GOLDEN PRINCESS. By Alexander Baron Ives Washburn. $3.95. All about the Indian princess Malinali who became the Christian Marina after she met up with Cortes during the invasion of Mexico, and about the stature of Cortes as a hero and what he did to her. A novel departing from the modern mileu in which Mr. Baron has hitherto worked.

THE HUMAN BRAIN. By John Pfeiffer. Harper & Bros. $3.75. An attempt to describe the life history of brain and mind *in toto* and to answer such absorbing questions as: What is memory? How do we think? What is mental illness?—plus some thoughts on the new "thinking machines," all by the former science editor of *Newsweek*.

IN AND OUT THE ANDES. Mission Trails From Yucatan To Chile. By Sister Maria del Rey of Maryknoll. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.95. A convent-by-convent travelogue of the South American works and wanderings of Sister Maria, who once before told of herself and her travels in "Pacific Hopscotch."

MONEY TO BURN. By Elizabeth Cadell. William Morrow & Co. $3. A charred little yarn about some insurance money which has disappeared, some silver which has done likewise, and of Raymond Trysting and his sister Auriol who serve to keep the embers glowing.

NOBLE SAVAGE: The Life of Paul Gauguin. By Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson. Random House. $5. A new and complete biography of the artist who insisted on going his own way, and including some new material and some debunking of popular misconceptions about the man.

THE OTHER PLACE. By J. B. Priestley. Harper & Bros. $3. Nine short stories by the British writer, several of them exploiting the eerie sense of familiarity which sometimes comes even when one is meeting new people and situations.

OUR AMERICAN WEATHER. By Dr. George H. T. Kimble. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4.75. Here's a whole book by that most unpredictable of predicters, the weatherman, this one being so thoroughly grounded in his field that he can tell why the predictions often go awry. There are also a great many well-guarded prophecies and explanations about such subject matter as snows, thaws, droughts, the claims of rainmakers, the best month for sunning in Arizona, et cetera.

OUT WENT THE CANDLE. By Harvey Swados. Viking Press. $3.95. A tale of a self-made, small-time financial czar and of his blindly admiring daughter who learns a thing or two, and of others who don't walk on plush carpets but get involved with those who do. A first novel by a *Partisan Review* and "New World Writing" short-story contributor.

RAFT OF DESPAIR. By Ensio Tiira. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A real-life adventure by a deserter from the French Foreign Legion who in deserting (from a troop transport) made the mistake of entrusting himself to a four-foot square raft and ended up thirty-two days later as an emaciated, ulcerated fifty-pounder, who still seemed interesting to the sharks.

STRAY FEATHERS FROM A BIRD MAN'S DESK. By Austin L. Rand. Doubleday & Co. $3.75. The chapter headings of Dr. Rand, who is curator of birds at the Chicago Natural History Museum and who thereby knows a hawk from a handsaw, include "Walled Wives of Hornbills," "How Many Feathers Has a Bird," "Bird Graveyards," and "Can Birds Count," as well as other ornithological wonders.

TOMORROW THE NEW MOON. By Shirley Barker. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.75. Dark genius, women who look like beautiful storms about to break, and an eighteenth-century minister who, apparently, gets so he can recognize when the storms are coming. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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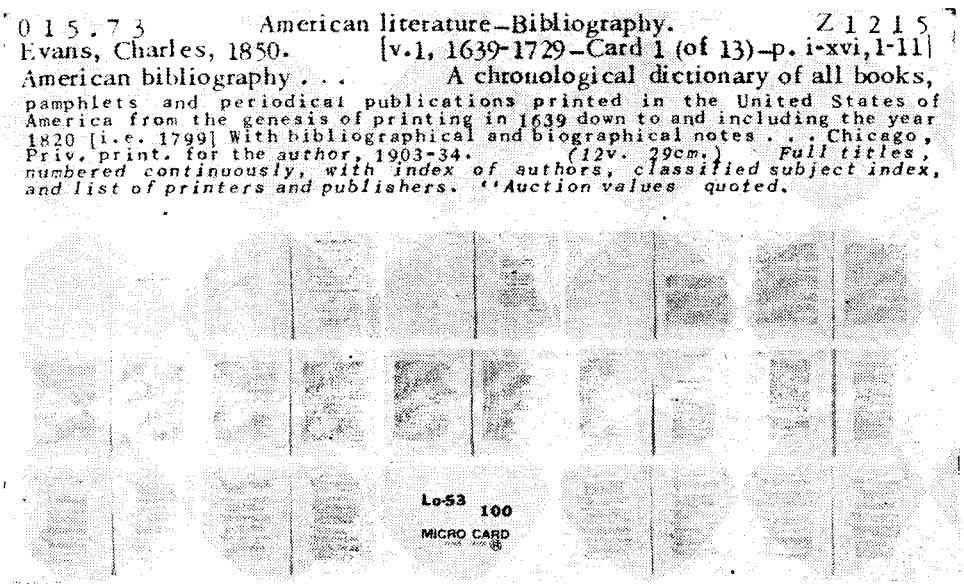
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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Où Est La Suntan Oil de ma Tante?

WE HAVE been down to the white sands of Miami Beach to attend the opening of the Fontainebleau, a $14,000,000 hotel that seems destined to start a rash of parley-vous where even Berlitz wouldn't suspect it.

The vogue for French started by the Fontainebleau along the shores of Neon-sur-mer will render last year's animal kick *démodée, déclassée,* and also dated. If you aren't *au courant* leave me tell you that a hupety-pupety motel called the Sahara is guarded by a pair of stuffed camels and a couple of stuffed Arabs. The Safari Motel is immediately recognized by a life-sized elephant on its lawn. The Desert Inn is marked by a team of horses pulling a covered wagon (you get the tie-in), and somewhere along the strip I found a stuffed zebra, although which hostelry it decorates fails me at the moment.

But this French flair, should it take hold—Mon Dieu! People will be calling people "mon vieux," "ma petite chou," and like that. Already there are more fleur-de-lis in the Fontainebleau than *bois* in the Bois de Boulogne. This royalist emblem runs up and down the trim jackets of the waiters in the Fleur-de-lis Room. They are rampant on the pillow where you rest your head at night, and should you be a sheep-counter you will doubtless find them emblazoned on the mutton as they pass.

On hand to open the Fontainebleau of Miami Beach, the largest chateau of chi-chi ever to be built on this reclaimed sandbar, was Senator H. Pajot, the mayor of Fontainebleau, France. He was a man of wispy hair, bearing a ready smile and a tree from the forest of Fontainebleau when he arrived at Idlewild Airport at New York. By the time he had gotten to Miami he had lost the tree to unromantic inspectors of the Agriculture Department, who impounded it. A red maple, no doubt.

The day was saved by an alert aide who removed a Christmas tree from a truck labeled Exotic Gardens, Miami, tied a red-and-blue ribbon about its scrawny trunk, and it was this tree that M. Pajot planted in the loam in front of this fifteen-story curved fortress that stands on the former Firestone estate. M. Pajot kissed M. Ben Novack, president of the hotel, on both cheeks and handed him a metal tablet on which these words were inscribed for posterity:

> . . . May the sun warm your day and the moon and the stars bring happy evenings . . .

THE Newsmen huddled in their collars and hoped so too, for the wind was whistling in the palms, and the thermometer was having trouble making the fifty-degree line. Despite the unseasonal California weather, there was no denying the *entente cordiale* that filled the air, put there no doubt by M. Leo Morrison, the American press agent who showed up in France's tricolor. His shirt was white and he wore a blue beret pulled sharply over one bloodshot eye.

M. Pajot was taken in tow by René Black, the famed *maître d'hotel* who spent twenty years at the Waldorf carving Hoover's Thanksgiving turkey, tending the Duchess of Windsor's

—Lawrence-Victor

"The Fontainebleau, a $14,000,000 hotel that seems destined to start a rash of parley-vous . . ."

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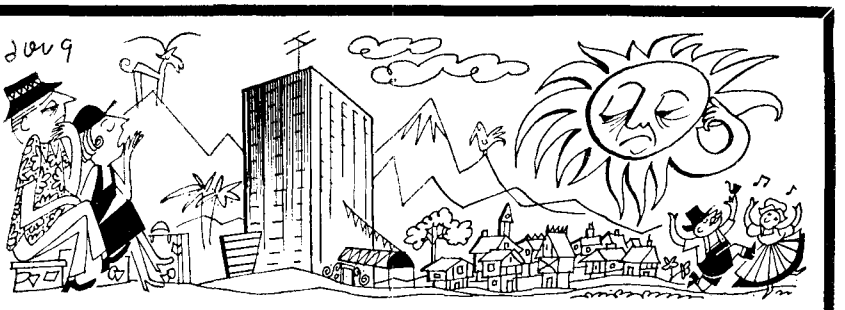
soirées, and serving everyone from Molotov to the Maharajah of Kapurhala. Said the mayor to the maitre, he hotel was *épatant* and *formidable* nd also *incroyable*. Moreover, he had ome rather positive views about its rchitecture and design. "Outside," aid Senator Pajot, "the building, very trong. But inside," his eyes bulged, *bouillabaisse!*"

Whether the interior of the roi-sized Fontainebleau will be *bouillabaisse* by he time it's completed remains to be een. The architect, a Mr. Morris Lapilus, thinks not. While the first guests were arriving workmen were still stitching carpets with a curious whirring egg-beater, tiles were being laid n the dance floor, chandeliers were being hoisted into ceilings. When I eaned over the front desk long enough o ask for mail a carpenter began to build an inquiry window around me. In the Poodle Dog Bar workmen ripped the covers off table-tops, carpenters screwed in the legs, and waiters stood ready to spread tablecloths. It was one of the few places around where the guests and the walls were getting plastered at the same ime.

On the third night it was in business; the partition that closes off the ntimate Fleur-de-lis Room was removed, forming a gigantic ballroom. Some 1,600 people sat down for dinner by candlelight. The double-decker abana colony itself covers five acres, nd another four acres are still to be andscaped, reproducing the formal gardens of Fontainebleau and Versailles in France. Strollers can watch he mermaids bubble through the briney from subterranean windows.

SUPINE on a padded redwood stretcher soaking up Vitamin D, one can look back on the great white curve of the hotel and view at one end a curious, bulbous, dome-shaped appendage which houses La Ronde, the nightclub. La Ronde is not only round but it is built dramatically in tiers rising, like a Greek theatre, above an elevated stage. It can make room for 500 and the proceedings will be lighted by a gigantic Scandinavian chandelier. A corner of the lobby is decorated with a gold-trimmed antique piano imported from France at he *fortissimo* price of $14,000—probably the first furniture more than our hours old ever brought to a Miami hotel.

As for the sleeping rooms, they are equipped with views of Paris, individually controlled air-conditioning, nd knee-deep carpets at a minimum of $33 a day for one or two, no meals. f you have a spare $135 a day kicking around loose you can rent a tworoom penthouse suite on the fifteenth



EDITORS: Is the Sun Still Sinking Over Scenic Shrdlu on your travel pages . . . ?
lovely shrdlu land of the cliché, nurtured
by the trade winds from the publicity desks . . .

Scenic Old Shrdlu, that old standby has been cropping up on Sunday travel pages, movie travelogues, travel lecture podiums, and guide books since Baedeker was a boy. Old Shrdlu, noted as the home of the roseate superlative, produces more yawns than midnight.

If you're still permitting the sun to set over Shrdlu on your travel pages every week we think you're missing a good bet and a good many readers. Travel writing can be just as right and bright as your finest sports reporting, your drama criticisms, your sharpest editorials. You can make your travel section a lively reader-drawing, revenue-pulling feature with the Travel Service prepared each week by The Saturday Review . . . a datelined, bylined piece by Horace Sutton now read by over 4,300,000 fans every week, the largest, fastest-growing travel column in the nation. Complete with photographs and original art.

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floor with the most fabulous views of Miami Beach I have seen since the last time I went to Hialeah in a helicopter. The old Firestone estate bulged out almost to the lagoon, forcing Collins Avenue into a giant bend. The Fontainebleau today sits inside the bend and Collins Avenue, canyon row of Miami Beach, seems to come right up to the front door when you look south. Northward you can scan the horizon clear up to Jacksonville if you have an unusual retina, for the land is flat, the days clear, the view unimpeded. Look down and you see the children's swimming-pool, shaped like a pussycat. Look up and you see a sky full of airplanes. Eastern Airlines alone is scheduling 120 flights a day in and out of Miami.

Meanwhile, up the sands a piece, at 100th Street and Collins Avenue, another expanse called the Balmoral opened to the melody of Emil Coleman. While strolling calypsos sing wicked lyrics in the corners of the bar, the big stage will hold, in turn, Hildegarde and Jack Whiting, Kay Thompson, Patachou, and Geneviève.

THE strange Miami cycle which started with extravagant hotels, evolved into simple motels, then extraordinary motels, seems to have swung back to plush palaces again. Just to make sure it is covered no matter what, a tremendous expanse known as the Golden Gate has opened on 194th Street and Collins Avenue where not so long ago one would have been lucky to run across a family of Seminoles or a lost trapper. The Golden Gate provides every possible accommodation for the traveler short of a sleeping bag and a patch of earth. On the beach side of the road it has built a giant hotel curved to the sea, a balcony on every room, a pool, a glass-walled dining-room, a cafeteria in the basement, dancing outdoors on a moat-surrounded floor. Rates here match most of the down-the-beach luxury hotels—about $26 a day for the room, meals extra.

An underpass connects with the Bay Colony across the road, which is a collection of villas, drive-ins, and housekeeping apartments. There is an adult pool in the center of things, a children's playground and wading pool supervised by a trained *kinder*-keeper.

Bedrooms on the bay side are as low as $11 a day and a ground-floor efficiency with twin beds will run about $17 a day. An anchorage has been built on the Bay side, too, where charter boats wait to take you out into the deep sea at the drop of a fifty dollar bill. There's plenty of dock space, too, in case you'd like to drive up to the motel in your own yacht.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Fiction

Continued from page 12

Macbeth "learned about love" from Henry.

Rosaline is able to conceal her sex and literary identity from the general public, but not from the boss of her acting troupe, keen-eyed Dick Burbage. The reluctant author finally owns up, and allows Burbage and canny Will Shakespeare to paw over the literary gems in her trunk. "And I thought she was just a little boy," Shakespeare murmurs, looking up from a hot passage in Venus and Adonis.

The most enthralling feature of "The Dark Lady" is the kind of prose in which Shakespearian quotations are embedded. It is hard to choose a favorite passage from such a surfeit of riches, but the following exchange has my vote:

" 'That which we call a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' Strachey said. . . .

" 'William Strachey, you stole that line from me. I know I've used it somewhere'," is the lady's rejoinder.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

AMBITIOUS GOD: In a famous scene in Christopher Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" the Emperor asks Faustus to conjure up Alexander the Great and his "beauteous paramour,/Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire/ They used to wear during their time of life." Faustus succeeds, even unto the mole on the lady's neck, but his is a perfunctory job compared to that done by Robert Payne in his new novel, **"Alexander the God"** (A. A. Wyn, $3.50).

Starting his story just before Alexander routs Darius and his Persian host at Issus, Mr. Payne follows the conqueror with a cinematic eye as he scolds, cajoles, and inspires his army through Persia, Egypt, and east far beyond the Caspian Sea. The Alexander we see here is a man of violent rages, a relentless egotist who is yet tender with his companions, his unbalanced brother, his Athenian witch-mistress Thaïssa, and above all with his troops. So preoccupied is he with his own divinity, though, that he makes a dangerous pilgrimage across the Libyan Desert to the shrine of the God Ammon. The God, in an eerie scene in the depths of its temple-cave, confirms Alexander's godhood and sends him forth athirst to annex the rest of the world. He presses on to Northern India, where he is finally forced to concede victory to the limitless geography of Asia and the homesickness of his Greek troops.

Mr. Payne renders these familiar events with a brilliant warmth that is too often lacking in modern historical romances. Together with the bright-hued Mediterranean landscape the brassy heat of the Persian plains and the impersonal ferocity of Alexander's lust, the author conveys an almost unbearable sense of the straining of an ambition too great to be contained in a mortal body.—T. E. C.

GROWING-UP ON THE RIVIERA: In **"The Demon of Noon"** (Julian Messner $3.95) Gordon Merrick tells the story of Stuart Cosling, an American whose modest independent income allows him to settle on France's Côte d'Azur in 1927, where, with his common-law wife and their little son, he attempts to live according to some hazy concepts of personal freedom and the "natural life." By the book's end, in 1940, Stuart's Garden of Eden is overgrown with the weeds of moral failure. His wife has formed a humiliating liaison with a Machiavellian German; his son is a flagrant homosexual. His own very existence is at a nadir, from the depths of which he finally sees that freedom, as he has understood it, is neither a "natural" nor desirable condition unless it is yoked to a whole hierarchy of social responsibilities, in the broadest sense, which he had failed to recognize.

In its essential seriousness this novel bears promise of a greater achievement than is actually realized. The important element of moral awareness is too often super-added to the story rather than made an inextricable part of the narrative texture; thus a good deal of the action seems superfluous rather than crucial to the theme. And several of the subordinate characters (especially that of the wife), in intricate relationship with whom Stuart must discover himself, are too superficially developed to be really useful in this respect. F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose tender Riviera night was as merciless as Mr. Merrick's demon noon, was not free of superficiality or confusion. But his plan was more complex than Mr. Merrick's, his style both more brilliant and subtle, and his sensitive mind, though tormented with a bitter sense of failure of life's fine promise, was capable of sudden sharp insights into character and situation which caused them to pulsate with mutually illuminating meaning. And "Tender Is the Night," with which this novel shares so much in the way of setting and mood, is certainly the better book. But "The Demon of Noon," well constructed in its general proportions, credibly told and unobtrusively natural in its style, is not a bad one, and contains a good deal of interest. —JEROME STONE.

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Science and Nature

Continued from page 15

be attended to by a technician. But in his crude observation blind, standing on a borrowed table stabbed into the mud and slanting toward a stream full of ferocious little fish and dangerous crocodiles, Zahl had to do everything for himself. His table-top, his jungle hammock, and his dugout canoe (powered by the outboard motor) were all springboards for his mind. And each incident set him off to considerations of parasites, of toads that lived in privies, of the relationships between crocodiles and egrets, of nesting group behavior, of land migrants between the Americas, of lungfishes, and of the significance of individual life.

It would be hard to find a more complete change of environment for a scientist engaged in cancer research in a metropolis than to put him down in the tropical rain on the muddy streets of San Fernando de Apure and ask that he find ways to explore the local swamps for birds of no apparent importance. The contrasts in sanitation are appreciated the more as Zahl tells of his gradual adaptation in viewpoint until he could feel perfectly at home under the trying conditions he found. And in retrospect the expedition was certainly a valuable experience. He made first-hand acquaintance not only with the scarlet bird he sought but also with many men he could admire as friends. In longer perspective his sympathetic understanding for people with a different way of life may far outweigh the personnel satisfaction over photographs of the blood-red bird.

"Coro-Coro" touches so satisfyingly upon a variety of aspects in the tropic scene that it brings to the arm-chair adventurer a vicarious familiarity with the land and its plants, its animals and its native citizens. Bird-lovers will delight in Zahl's account of the young hoatzins, clinging to the shrubbery by means of reptilelike claws on their wings, or swimming underwater—apparently immune to the hungry caribes. Fishermen will find new lore on the habits of these famous fish—known in Brazil as piranha, in British Guiana as perai. Naturalists will see fresh relationships between the abundance of caribes and the nitrogen-rich droppings of the nesting water birds, fertilizing the swamp waters until they become a rich culture medium for plants and small creatures upon which the meat-eating fish can thrive between opportunities to attack larger victims. And in Zahl's thoughts while lost in the grass-filled lagoons between two rivers the thinker of any creed will follow a scientific mind through the gamut of personal introspection—from fear and despair to the conclusion that "what distinguishes man from the other animals is not so much the greater capacity of his intellect but his enormously greater potential for hope. . . . For a believer or a philosopher hope is the essence on which life feeds, the essence before which death flees."

Notes

READABLE ASTRONOMY: Astronomy has long held first place as the most popular of the physical sciences, a fact indicated by the large number of books which discuss recent advances for laymen. Although such books include a great deal of interesting material, they can rarely be recommended as examples of good writing. They are almost always presented in the simple but stiff style of well-intentioned experts trying hard to be informal. Ernest Agar Beet's **"The Sky and Its Mysteries"** (British Book Centre, $3.25) is an exception to this tendency, and therefore a welcome addition to the list of popular astronomy books. Mr. Beet is an accomplished writer, as well as an active teacher and secretary of the British Astronomical Association. Furthermore, he resists the temptation to go all-out for theories that have not yet been proved, something which has proved irresistible to other writers in the field.

An early chapter describes the instruments used to gather, measure, and analyze light rays which reach the earth from outer space. The photometer, for example, translates the light falling upon it into electrical currents and is so sensitive that it can detect the amount of light emitted by a candle burning several miles away. These instruments, 200-inch telescopes, and other devices furnish the facts which astronomers piece together to build an ever-changing picture of the universe. Dr. Beet outlines established notions about the sun and other stars as atomic furnaces, producing energy by a process similar to that being applied in the development of hydrogen bombs. According to a recent theory, these seething bodies may be refueling themselves automatically by picking up fresh matter as they pass through great clouds of interstellar dust. The book closes with a list of some other vital problems which have not been explained: how the planets formed, the origin of the craters of the moon, and the possibility of life on other solar systems in an expanding universe. —JOHN PFEIFFER.

PSEUDO-SCIENCE'S PAST: Although modern science started only three centuries or so ago, men had been gathering basic knowledge about nature for thousands of years before that. Recent studies in the history of science are unanimous in giving credit where credit is due—and dispelling the notion that the sages of ancient civilizations were superstitious children compared to our own investigators. In **"Astrology and Alchemy—Two Fossil Sciences"** (Philosophical Library, $5) Mark Graubard of the University of Minnesota uses many of these studies as sources for his own analysis of alchemy and astrology, branches of pseudo-science whose development is closely bound up with science's long past. Astrology is the older of the two and probably originated during the third millennium B.C. in Chaldea and Babylonia. Detailed predictions based on the motions and positions of the planets, the forerunners of the horoscopes which are published in magazines and newspapers today, were the contribution of the Greeks. —J. P.

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THE FINE ARTS

Bullish Days in the Art Market

IN NEW YORK a short time ago a painting by Henri Matisse was reported on excellent authority to have sold for $75,000. This was not a large picture nor was it one of Matisse's revolutionary early works which have had a world-shaking effect on the evolution of twentieth-century art. It was an odalisque from the relaxed series painted at Nice during the mid-1920s, exceptional in quality, but nevertheless the kind of picture that would have been offered twenty-five years ago for a maximum figure of $20,000. The price of $75,000 was set by the dealer before the artist's recent death, and Matisse's demise cannot therefore be considered the usual melancholy factor in the rise of his paintings' values.

Also in New York this winter, a Bonnard has changed hands for $42,000, and some months ago a remarkable Soutine landscape brought $20,500 at public auction. At the same time a Modigliani figure piece was held by a dealer at $45,000. The Picasso prices are naturally on a par with those for Matisse, and a number of less eminent or younger European artists have moved up into the $10,000-or-over category for outstanding pictures. Indeed, the most phenomenal rise in the modern art market has taken place outside the top hierarchy of contemporary masters. If the prices for Matisse, Picasso, Rouault, and Bonnard have tripled or quadrupled since the war, those for some of their less overwhelming colleagues have soared in far greater proportion. To cite three almost random examples, a Kandinsky costing less than $1,000 in 1930 would now fetch about $8,000; a Mondrian actually bought by an American museum for $400 twenty years ago would be almost $10,000 today; some of the finest Miros of the brilliant 1933 series were sold in New York soon after their completion for around $600 each, and a fair current estimate of their value would be between $7,500 and $10,000 apiece. Paul Klees, which used to be less than $500, are now ten times that price and going up steadily.

The rise in the modern-art market has been staggering, and the end may not be in sight. We must remember, however, that this applies primarily to outstanding examples. Lesser works by even the present market's favorites go up more slowly and with effort, though there is a good deal of "name" buying among inexperienced collectors, particularly in the case of post-impressionist masters like Cézanne and Van Gogh. Moreover, works of minor quality are helped to rise in price by being identified with successful and influential schools of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Thus *fauve* and cubist works tend to be more expensive than later pictures of comparable scale. The turn of the surrealists for market appreciation is probably next, and the question of historical importance, once ignored by almost everyone except museum curators, now seems to count heavily among private as well as public collectors. There is much talk these days of "best periods" for a given artist, and many of the newer collections are formed by head as much as by eye.

But what has caused the incredible boom? The frequent answer given by laymen in this country is that there is a great deal of money around, that we are in a period of inflation with the stock market back to 1929 levels, and that we Americans simply cannot find enough things to buy. The theory sounds plausible but is quite erroneous. To begin with, all the leading New York dealers are agreed that the prices for the international figures in modern art are established in Paris rather than on this side of the Atlantic. In 1952, for example, the Cognacq sale in Paris brought such staggering sums that, as one New York dealer put the matter, "if we had been in the stock market, the next day we would have posted outside our door doubled or tripled prices for Cézanne, Van Gogh, Picasso, and Co." Since that time other Parisian auctions have increased the price level. And this level has held or gone up in recent auctions at Christie's in London and at Ketterer's in Stuttgart, to mention only two public sales outside France.

WITH regard to the international art market centering in Paris there are several factors to be considered. First of all, Europeans are used to buying modern paintings and sculptures as an investment. The French are the most inveterate plungers in this regard, but among their neighbors only the Swiss almost never sell any works of art acquired, no matter how great their appreciation in value. We Americans are like the Swiss in this respect, and very few of our leading private collections have been formed with the idea of future profit in mind. The Germans on the other hand, sometimes for pleasure but also sometimes because they favor transportable assets, have come back into the market with extraordinary funds at their disposal, buying a number of the most highly-priced post-impressionist and School of Paris paintings available. The Germans have been rivaled in bidding by the Swedish and the South Americans, not to mention the ubiquitous Swiss. As another factor in the art boom, the British Government lately has removed its stiff restrictions on the expenditure of pounds abroad for works of art to be taken back to England. The result, as an eminent New York dealer told me recently, has been a flood of letters from British museums and collectors asking for lists of pictures in stock. The English are used to high prices even for strictly contemporary works; the Pre-Raphaelites sold in their lifetime for sums that make one goggle in retrospect.

Since the war it has not been uncommon for collectors from all over Europe to acquire works of art offered here, and some of the powerful international dealers, with galleries in Paris and London as well as New York, have returned to their foreign offices certain masterworks, in the knowledge that they will sell more readily abroad. It is therefore nonsense to claim that pictures by the most celebrated artists from the time of impressionism to the present are expensive because we Americans have gone hog wild. To prove my point, let me cite a recent occurrence. A few months ago two later nineteenth-century paintings of the rarest quality appeared on the New York market at prices in excess of $300,000 each. They found no takers among our richest art patrons, but were pre-empted by cable from a foreign collector.

A basic reason for the present boom is that paintings of exceptional distinction are scarce. The market has been drying up, and only rarely nowadays does an authoritative work by one of the leading masters from Manet to Picasso appear in the salesrooms of dealers and auctioneers. Many of the best paintings (and sculptures) have been acquired by art museums here and abroad and permanently removed from the market. This and other factors have helped extend the boom to artists of lesser stature than the modern old masters—to Dufy, say, as opposed to Matisse, to Vlaminck or Segonzac as opposed to Braque. There are not enough five-star works of art to go around. But important pri-

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—"Road Mending on the Boulevard St. Remy," by Van Gogh.

". . . paintings of exceptional distinction are scarce."

vate collections are still liquidated from time to time.

IN THIS connection I am reminded of an ingenious explanation of the mechanics of the art boom which a New York dealer gave me a few weeks ago. He compared the art market to a long flight of stairs, with numerous landings. The prices, he said, go up step by step until they reach a certain floor. At that point the market (especially in Paris) freezes, and very little is available for the collector or dealer to buy. For convenience we might call this the $1,000 level, and people who have paid around this price show no inclination to sell. But when the ascent resumes and reaches a stage sufficiently higher than the first—$5,000, for example—the market re-opens and many works are offered by those to whom the profit is attractive. After an interval the climb begins again. It continues until a third landing—$25,000 or even $50,000—has been attained, when the same thawing process takes place once more. And so on.

The dealer's theory, as noted, applies mainly to the Parisian market. But since this market is a vital force in establishing prices elsewhere, the theory is worth keeping in mind. It does not, of course, obviate the possibility that isolated artists may rise in value through intrinsic quality alone, even though this quality is admitted only locally. Our own Winslow Homer is a case in point. Europeans have a limited respect for his art, if they know this art at all. Yet in this country Homer's prices have gone up almost without pause since his death in 1910. The same thing may be said of certain British or Central European artists whose names are seldom mentioned far from home. I always remember the remark of the great art historian Erwin Panofsky when someone accused him of false modesty about a book he had just published. "False modesty," he said, "is better than no modesty."

Are we reaching the top of the current art boom? As suggested in passing, no one can safely predict whether this is the case or not. Certainly some of the famous artists of the past seventy-five years may one day slide abruptly down the banister of the staircase their market has ascended by stages: some will make the climb again; others will slump forever at the bottom of the flight. It seems to me, however, that the big figures in twentieth-century art will hold their lofty place or go still higher. We should remember that it has taken them a very long time to get where they are market-wise, as it took their immediate predecessors, the post-impressionists. Degas lived to see one of his pictures bring around $100,000. Why should not Picasso? The profound visual speculation to which we give the name "modern art" has taken a full half century to earn its fortune in hard, cold cash. I doubt that, at its best, it will soon lose it, though some artists too heavily indebted to fashion may one day pay a harsh rate on interest. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the issue of February 5 Mr. Soby will discuss the current market for American art around the world.*

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 18

dividual. "How easy everything would be," Friderike writes, "if you were only more aware of your creative powers; you are a much too modest creature."

That Friderike constantly encouraged and inspired him we see from the letters of each. Although the lectures (like his journalistic chores) took him away from his writing he loved the public acclaim, once signing himself "Your seven-thousand-times photographed, filmed, and much radioed Stefan." Likewise he took great pleasure from the popularity of his books outside of Germany.

—EDWARD A. BLOOM.

ADVICE TO A POET: A young German poet about to become an army officer and saddened by the apparent frustration of his artistic desires sought advice in a letter from one of the great figures of his day, Rainer Maria Rilke. Although Rilke had never met the acolyte, Franz Xaver Kappus, he answered generously and wisely. From this beginning grew the famous ten **"Letters to a Young Poet"** (Norton, $3), first edited and translated in 1934 by M. D. Herter Norton, and now revised with extensive notes. Like Kappus, Rilke had been an unhappy cadet, in a Moravian academy, until ill health forced his withdrawal. His sympathetic understanding everywhere underscores the letters he sent Kappus between 1903 and 1908 from various places in Europe where he searched vainly for cures. In offering solace to the young man Rilke was setting down his own positive testament of life and art. "Do not believe," he wrote, "that he who seeks to comfort you lives untroubled among the simple and quiet words that sometimes do you good. His life has much difficulty and sadness."

With a gentle, compassionate simplicity characteristic of his poetry Rilke criticized Kappus's verses. But he warned him, "With nothing can one approach a work of art so little as with critical words," and, "Nobody can counsel and help you. . . . Go into yourself. Search for the reason that bids you write." Solitude according to Rilke is the essence of art, which is "an infinite loneliness." The created work he said must spring from necessity. The "great inner solitude" cannot be destroyed if the individual is dedicated.

Rilke's beautifully stated counsel, thus, may be regarded as a sensitized projection of his introspective processes as well as of his poetic theory and poetic application. —E. A. B.

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Education and the Control of Evolution

Continued from page 8

dependent of natural selective influences—through medical science from disease-producing microorganisms, through weapons from all higher forms of animal life except his own species, through agriculture from acute limitations in food supply. Advances in the field of medicine, totally aside from their great humanitarian influence, are significant in human evolution in that medicine is a relaxation of selective pressure. Each conquest of a disease permits men constitutionally susceptible to it to survive where they previously would have died; medicine contributes to a more varied spectrum of humanity. It is not too rash to predict that selection, *except as it may be practised on man by himself,* will be a negligible factor in changing our biological future.

One other force remains to be considered, namely, mutation. Geneticists find that gene mutations occur repeatedly at a characteristic rate for each and the mutant returns to the original gene form at another characteristic rate. In the absence of migration, selection, and chance the frequency of a mutant type in a population would theoretically become stabilized at a level determined solely by the relative strength of the forward and backward mutation rates. Mutations which have been repeated many times during the existence of the human species would not, by themselves, be expected to produce anything novel in our future biological heritage. There is always the possibility that some brand-new mutation will occur. But any large deviations from the normal are seldom successful in evolution, and with humans the new type would have to intermarry with "normal" people and establish successful mutant offspring. Since mankind has already achieved so complex a social system, it seems highly unlikely that novel mutants will be a significant factor in human destiny. We can, to be sure, now artificially speed up mutation rates in experimental organisms by radiation and with chemicals but, short of a vast breeding program involving official artificial selection, mutation appears to be an improbable force for changing the human species.

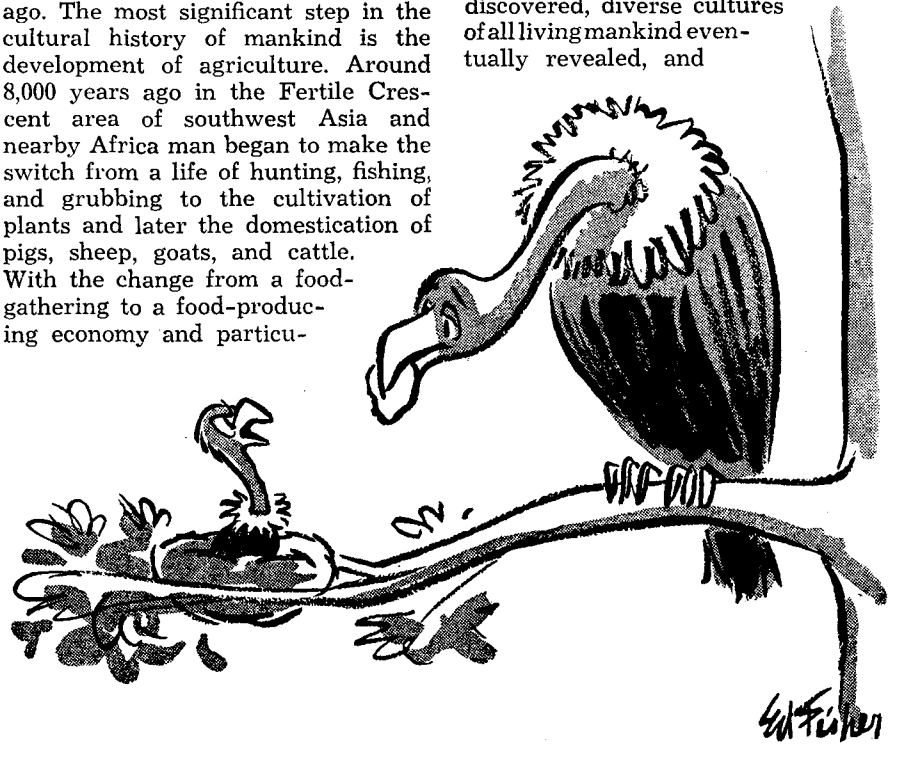
The most reasonable conclusion seems to be that man will remain biologically much the same far into the foreseeable future. We are "stuck" with our biological heritage; though long-range stability together with maintained variability in each generation do provide a mechanism for biological change if strong adverse forces, now unforeseen, should arise. Science-fiction to the contrary, it is unlikely that the man of 5000 A.D. or 50,000 A.D. will have a big head and withered arms; he will be just about the same physically and mentally as he is today. This being the case, wherein does man's future lie? It is not in organic evolution but, rather, in cultural evolution, which in turn is made possible only because of the level reached in the past by organic evolution.

CULTURAL ACCUMULATION

According to the cultural anthropologist Slotkin, "Culture or civilization, taken in its widest ethnographic sense, is that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, custom, and any other capabilities or habits acquired by man as a member of society." In still more general terms, it is all that is learned rather than directly inherited through the genes. Use of fire and crude stone tools is concrete evidence of culture in early man. Toward the end of the Ice Age bone began to replace stone in implements for special uses in the Western Eurasiatic cultures. Art reached astonishing sophistication in the caves of Lascaux and Altamira in southern Europe 12,000-20,000 years ago. The most significant step in the cultural history of mankind is the development of agriculture. Around 8,000 years ago in the Fertile Crescent area of southwest Asia and nearby Africa man began to make the switch from a life of hunting, fishing, and grubbing to the cultivation of plants and later the domestication of pigs, sheep, goats, and cattle. With the change from a food-gathering to a food-producing economy and particularly with the harvest and storage of grain man acquired security, leisure, and community living on a scale previously impossible.

The Food Producing Revolution was such an important advance that within 2,000 years (4000 B.C.) in this same region—blessed by a favorable combination of human capability, equitable climate, and agriculture—man's cultural pattern reached that degree of complexity known as civilization. According to Toynbee, twenty-one civilizations have risen, seven of which are in existence today. History is essentially a record of these successful human populations. Their roots have always been dependent on agriculture, and particularly cultivated plants; the Sinic on millet and soybeans; the Indic on rice; the Mayan on maize. Each of these civilizations has contributed to man's total cultural heritage.

Culture, from a biological viewpoint, *is a means over and above genetical* adaptation by which a society adjusts to the environment. All plants and animals (including earliest man) lack sufficient culture to free them from dependence on their environment. Organic evolution endowed man with a superior brain capable of conceptual thought, true speech, and unique powers of educability. Cultural accumulation, triggered by the invention of agriculture, was made possible by writing—the means of recording cultural progress. Urban living stimulated the exchange of ideas. Fifty-five centuries after the beginning of civilization the New World was discovered, diverse cultures of all living mankind eventually revealed, and



"What—carrion again?"

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civilized man hesitantly entered an era of "One World Consciousness." As the eighteenth century closed "Scientific Man"—who uses or misuses a rational, step-wise, objective, experimental process to increase knowledge and control—began to emerge as the dominant force in culture. We are in the midst of that period today, struggling ever more successfully to rise above the obstacles imposed by the non-human environment.

ACCELERATING ADVANCE

Looking over the record one may gain the impression that man's progress followed a steady rise; a gradual, sustained mastery of his environment. This is not so. Millennia passed without appreciable change. There was relatively little cultural advance from the subhuman types of Java and Peking man of at least 500,000 years ago to Neanderthal man of 100,000 to 50,000 years ago. There has certainly been more cultural change in the last 500 years than in the previous 500,000—and the claim could be substantiated that there has been still greater change in the last fifty years.

Change in speed of human travel is a familiar and dramatic index of "progress." For thousands of years of man's history travel by foot was the fastest means available. The much talked of four-minute mile, fifteen mph, and sprint records of about twenty-five miles per hour represent near limits to unaided human speed. With the domestication of horses, over 5,000 years ago, the rate was raised to a level somewhat less than thirty-eight and one-half mph—the present thoroughbred record (Citation, 1950, one mile in 1.33 3/5). From the beginning of human evolution until the nineteenth century man was held to speeds of less than forty miles per hour. In 1829 this barrier was broken when a steam locomotive made forty-four miles per hour, and by 1901 steam engines attained a speed of two miles a minute. In 1910 the automobile took over with a speed of 131 mph; and in 1920 a French airplane set the record at 188 mph. Propeller-driven aircraft led the field until the later war years—in 1939 a Messerschmidt smashed official records with 469 mph. Since the war jet-propelled aircraft have jumped human speeds by another 300 miles per hour. The 1953 record for man's level flight was 753 mph. A piloted aircraft has already traveled in level flight at 1,600 mph—almost two-and-one-half times the speed of sound.

This achievement is staggering. In the beginning it took 500,000 years to make a gain of twenty-five miles per hour (fifteen to forty mph); and today only fifteen years to make a gain of almost 300 miles per hour (469 to 753). To consider that this represents only technological advance is to miss the whole spirit of human imagination and understanding. To be sure the index is speed, but the real adventure is in the increased knowledge: knowledge of aerodynamics; knowledge of combustion; knowledge of metals; knowledge and control of the world we live in. The same could be said today of any area of the basic sciences or developmental improvements dependent upon them. Edwin B. Wilson of Harvard has said, "We can do more things with greater assurance of success than we could 2,000 years ago or 200 years ago or even twenty years ago . . . there is an accumulation of knowledge and of method with a resultant increase of control. The scientist builds upon previous knowledge. There is advance of the sort one finds in the growth of a coral reef—there is building upon what is already laid down."

This concept of accumulative accelerating progress is not generally considered applicable to philosophy, poetry, the fine arts, or for that matter to social studies. It is, indeed, fashionable among some in these quarters to voice the opinion that belief in progress is Victorian, something that was outmoded by 1914. Regardless of the necessity for applying different criteria to the humanities than to sciences, it is a valid conclusion that the common pool of human experience and knowledge, the total cultural her-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

RECOLLECTING RHYMERS

Unlike elephants, which sometimes do, poets never forget. They remember so well, in fact, that they frequently boast about it. Here are ten remembering bards, and you are asked to identify them and the works cited, and to tell, in each instance, exactly what is remembered. If you achieve fifteen of the requested bits of information, grin and bear it; from sixteen through twenty-four, smile but don't cheer; twenty-five and better, loud huzzas. Answers on page 40.

1. "I remember —— —— —— ——,
   How it thundered o'er the tide!"

2. "I remember, I remember
   —— —— —— —— —— ——,
   The little window where the sun
   Came peeping in at morn."

3. "Well I remember —— —— in the sunny arbor
   Beyond your open door."

4. "I will remember —— ——,
   Little French Lick and Lundy's Lane."

5. "I well remember —— —— ——,
   And what I wanted. You, unwise,
   With sore unwisdom, had no eyes
   For what was patently the cause."

6. "Yes, I remember —— -
   The name—because one afternoon
   Of heat the express-train drew up there
   Unwontedly. It was late June."

7. "I remember —— —— ——; sweetly did she speak and move;
   Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love."

8. "Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
   —— —— —— —— from the beauty of embers."

9. "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
   I summon up remembrance —— —— ——,
   I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
   And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste."

10. "I remember, I say, —— —— —— who passionately clung to me;
    Again we wander—we love—we separate again."

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itage of our species, is going forward at an ever faster tempo. We have reached a period where the exponential character of cultural accumulation confronts the individual in everyday life.

INDIVIDUAL IGNORANCE AND EDUCATION

If this is so, and at the same time man's inherent capacity as an individual to learn remains biologically the same, then the individual must be becoming relatively less informed about the cultural heritage of the species. This has been called the "theory of ignorance," the "specter of specialization," or "the fragmentation of knowledge." The individual is dropping behind at an accelerating rate in his grasp of "all there is to know." The only possible way to transfer this knowledge through the generations is by education, by learning.

Our systems of education are being constantly overhauled in a desperate attempt to stem the tide. They cannot succeed in the sense that the "Renaissance Man" can ever again be a legitimate objective. No matter how long or how intensive the schooling, each generation will know relatively less per individual of the total cultural heritage than the previous generation.

At the lower levels of education the objective has been to give more people more education. In this country the average number of years of schooling for whites rose from 8.6 years in 1940 to 9.3 years in 1950. At the university level the deep concern for renewed effort in imparting to the college student an understanding of his cultural heritage is reflected in the widespread interest in "general education."

The purpose of general education, as contrasted to professional or vocational training is to develop traits of mind and character which, combined with an understanding of important areas of knowledge, are essential for a responsible life in society.

In the United States we are in the favorable position of being financially able to educate more thoroughly an increasingly larger proportion of the people. Though some of us may consider the accomplishment in vague terms of "the democratic thing to do," it has a greater significance in giving the individual all possible advantages to understand and to function effectively. For in a free society the individual is under the additional stress of increased personal responsibility under conditions of increasing relative ignorance. The individual is, theoretically at least, called upon to make judgments on an increasingly varied and complex array of issues. The difficulties of understanding these issues increase with the accelerating tempo of new information and concepts. More and better education is the only means under our present social and political system for maintaining the principle of individual freedom and choice. In the foreseeable future drastic alterations in established educational systems will be needed if democracy is to continue to have meaning. Education will assume an increasingly important role in national life. Methods and content of educational systems will undergo constant improvements and expansion. The demands on the individual to learn and to keep on learning will be increasingly heavy.

Although the battle with "individual ignorance" will inevitably become more and more serious and must in a sense be continually losing ground, the cause is reason for a breathtaking pride. We are simply forging ahead too fast. This is our *fault!*

There are, of course, the prophets of doom who see no reason for planning progress since it will all soon end. The atomic-energy pessimists predict "the end of civilization" within a generation; the overpopulation pessimists predict worldwide hunger within 100 years; the natural-resources pessimists predict catastrophic reduction in power when easily obtained sources of coal, gas, oil, and uranium are used up in 200 years; and, finally, the cosmic pessimists predict the end of the planet Earth (and consequently man) as inevitable in some millions of years. But need we be pessimists? Each of these threats, though admittedly ominous, can also be viewed with an attitude of responsible optimism. Is there any

one force more potent in accelerating a growing insistence on world cooperative living than nuclear energy? Tapping of the sun's energy and its direct conversion into electricity is already accomplished in some measure by the solar "battery" of Bell Telephone Laboratories. New ways of apprehending sources of energy may be more closely correlated with the amount of effort, genius, and ingenuity put into basic research than "practical-minded" pessimists are willing to concede.

We know how to control reproduction; to prevent overpopulation requires only unceasing endeavor to extend appropriate education and legislation. Prophecy portending deterioration in the quality of human germ-plasm has been almost as vociferous as that concerned with quantity. Alarms of a few years ago over a predicted decline in intelligence owing to higher reproductive rates among lower socio-economic groups seem now to be unfounded. Present opinion holds that class differences in average family size are due mainly to the differential spread of knowledge about birth control in Western societies during the past fifty years or more. Continuing dissemination of this information is expected to reduce, if not reverse, the inequality. Furthermore, I. Q. scores are influenced by cultural-intellectual environment so that, although lower average scores are the rule among children of large low-income families, the extent to which this measures heritable differences (except among extremes) is difficult to assess.

The long-range view is hopeful. There is some evidence now accumulating that in a modern society, where planned parenthood is universally practised, the couples who are most successful among their neighbors and responsible with their children have the largest families. Encouraging news has recently come from Dr. Sheldon C. Reed and his coworkers of the Dight Institute for Human Genetics at the University of Minnesota. They are finding, from a

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The sea-fight far away" (Longfellow: "My Lost Youth"). 2. "The house where I was born" (Thomas Hood: "I Remember, I Remember"). 3. "The pigeons" (Edna St. Vincent Millay: "The Pigeons"). 4. "Carquinez Straits" (Stephen Vincent Benét: "American Names"). 5. "What I was" (Amy Lowell: "On Looking at a Copy of Alice Meynell's Poems Given Me Years Ago by a Friend"). 6. "Adlestrop" (Edward Thomas: "Adlestrop"). 7. "One that perished" (Tennyson: "Locksley Hall"). 8. "The beauty of fire" (Masefield: Sonnet: "On Growing Old"). 9. "Of things past" (Shakespeare: Sonnet XXX). 10. "Only that woman" (Whitman: "Once I Passed Through a Populous City").

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study that extends through three to five generations of families of severe mental defectives, that, far from "breeding like rabbits," the average number of children produced is less than the number necessary for replacement.

Atomic-age pessimists should also note that there is now general recognition of the potential hereditary damage in irresponsible exposure of human reproductive tissue to irradiation. It is predictable that such an act, by negligence or intent, will in the not too distant future be considered a criminal offense against mankind and incur severe international legal penalties.

The cosmic pessimist is exemplified in the following quotation from "A Writer's Notebook," by W. Somerset Maugham. "At some remote period this earth of ours will cease to support even the most elementary forms of life; but long before this state is reached the human race will have become extinct. . . . The conclusion can hardly escape one that then all this business of evolution will have been singularly futile and, indeed, that the process that led to the creation of man was a stupendous absurdity on the part of nature. . . ." Yes, a cosmic catastrophe may overtake us and there is little that can be done about it. On the other hand, is it really reasonable to be pessimistic about the eventual fate of the human species being caught flat-footed on a disintegrating Earth a few million years from now—an organism which progressed from earthbound to flight faster than sound in the short span of fifty years?

While some of these problems demand our fullest efforts today and cannot sensibly be underestimated, nevertheless, more worthy of our long-range concern than any of these currently popularized fears is the general problem of effective transmittal of our steady gain in cultural heritage. A strong link of learning from generation to generation is our greatest hope for the future of mankind.

And in this future world, a cultural colossus supported by billions of biologically limited minds, how do we find the average citizen making out? We see a period of tensions mounting as cultural accumulation outdistances individual capacity, and this lasts for a century or more. Universities develop a large School for Extramural Advanced Studies. Professions provide for long periods of learning interspersed with practice. The learning process is accelerated somewhat by unexpected developments relating time-concept to brain-function. But the general populace remains relatively indifferent to the magnitude of fundamental change that educators advise.

It is a great statesman who finally puts across an extraordinarily simple plan that eases the crisis. Alarmed at the prospect that problems of worldwide import can be decided by masses of the relatively uninformed, laws of minimal educational requirements for participating in World Citizenship are enacted. Not literacy alone (a voting requirement today in only twenty of our states), but demonstrable proof of knowledge commensurate with the responsibility of expressing opinion by vote is required.

This law provides the incentive for, what educators have long advocated, a lifetime of participation in learning as an accepted element in human society. Industrialists of that day, who have been aware for decades that all production could be accomplished in a fraction of the time then required by law, welcome the new laws. The four-day work week is cut in half and two days are made available to all citizens for taking part in a carefully planned program of education. This pattern of adult life works well in an industrial society and it holds for centuries.

Gazing beyond the centuries into millennia the crystal ball becomes clouded. Prophecy reaches absurdity, except for one clear penetrating ray —man, as we know him, is still there. Curious, imaginative, fallible, he is still grappling with unsolved problems and looking ahead to their solution in the future.

CONCLUSION

Our conclusion is this—we shall remain biologically the same far into the future and we shall progress in knowledge at an ever-accelerating rate far into the future. This situation will impose an ever-heavier burden on education. Its expansion, organization, and integration will be a key problem of the future, for it is the only way our exponentially increasing cultural heritage can be passed on. These considerations lead to unlimited optimism, for our greatest problems of the future come from the very fact of rapid advancement.

Finally—there is this comforting thought arising from a biological view of the problem—organic evolution has been going on for over 500 million years, the human line has been evolving as such for over 500 thousand years, we have just entered the new phase of cultural evolution and there is still plenty of time to solve our problems arising from it.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1085

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The second English "garden city," 1920.	32 148 55 194 203 181
B. Describing a motor performing at its fastest and most economical (2 wds.; not in Webster as a phrase).	159 172 22 177 191 156
C. Fatlike.	61 108 135 41 43 12
D. The lungs of animals.	62 48 127 79 4 24
E. To search into.	71 189 97 102 110 180 113 187
F. Ancient Roman model of filial devotion.	98 50 144 88 171 81
G. Riddle of childhood was how to make this; answer being, "Full her tail" (2 wds.).	10 152 202 42 39 155 46 92 67 196 162 165
H. Spanish (combining form).	33 53 9 15 37 185 169
I. Stubbornly resisting softening influences.	145 52 173 14 47 11 153 96
J. Opening in a wall for light and air.	176 34 170 51 104 158
K. Escape by use of skill.	87 83 60 168 7
L. Ancient Indian city, site of Punjab Univ.	19 90 27 157 149 25
M. First name, mother of German emperor Frederick I (1627-67).	20 5 28 166 136
N. A raised protection with peepholes on a naval turret (2 wds.).	195 8 186 78 26 201 44 73 36 142 175 106

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Dickens' caricature of Walter Savage Landor in "Bleak House."	130 56 103 95 183 139 38 89
P. Forthwith (2 wds.).	18 21 54 119 1 167
Q. Peacock wrote a novel about him and his "Castle," 1831.	182 137 193 160 35 147 198 141
R. Amer. painter of birds, in Museum of Nat. Hist., N.Y. (1874 . . .).	117 122 76 57 128 49
S. Colloq., in a state of restless activity (3 wds.).	111 109 129 75 84 120 23
T. Moral weaknesses.	105 132 118 86 3 93 31
U. Circumstance regarded as due to chance (humorous, U.S.).	45 143 94 163 66 116 138 178 121 40 77 82
V. Crime of the women in "Growth of the Soil."	115 140 17 125 133 69 161 179 58 190 13
W. German admiral in North Sea, World War I (1854-1933).	99 59 174 112 16 200 64 85
X. Coined word for the most recent of superhighways.	146 70 197 2 101 100 63
Y. In sports, said of a stroke played with the palm of the hand downward.	107 65 134 6 114 199 29 123
Z. Forthwith (2 wds.; colloq., U.S.).	192 154 30 151 124 164 74 184 68
Z¹. Seat of Maya civilization and locale of many magnificent ruins.	131 126 91 80 150 188 72

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 P	2 X	3 T	4 D	5 M	6 Y	7 K	■	8 N	9 H	■	10 G	11 I	12 C	13 V	■	14 I	15							
■	16 W	17 V	■	18 P	19 L	20 M	■	21 P	22 B	23 S	24 D	25 L	■	26 N	27 L	28 M	29 Y							
30 Z	31 T	■	32 A	33 H	34 J	35 Q	36 N	■	37 H	38 O	39 G	■	40 U	41 C	42 G	■	43 C							
44 N	45 U	46 G	47 I	48 D	49 R	50 F	51 J	■	52 I	53 H	54 P	55 A	56 O	57 R	58 V	59 W	60 K							
61 C	62 D	63 X	■	64 W	65 Y	66 U	67 G	68 Z	69 V	70 X	71 E	72 Z¹	73 N	■	74 Z	75 S	76 R							
77 U	78 N	■	79 D	80 Z¹	81 F	■	82 U	83 K	84 S	85 W	■	86 T	87 K	88 F	89 O	■	90 L							
91 Z¹	92 G	93 T	94 U	95 O	96 I	97 E	■	98 F	99 W	■	100 X	■	101 X	102 E	103 O	■	104 J							
105 T	■	106 N	107 Y	108 C	109 S	110 E	■	111 S	112 W	■	113 E	114 Y	115 V	116 U	117 R	118 T	119 P							
120 S	■	121 U	122 R	123 Y	■	124 Z	125 V	126 Z¹	127 D	128 R	129 S	■	130 O	131 Z¹	■	132 T	133 V							
134 Y	■	135 C	136 M	137 Q	138 U	139 O	140 V	■	141 Q	142 N	■	143 U	144 F	145 I	146 X	147 Q	148 A							
149 L	■	150 Z¹	151 Z	152 G	153 I	■	154 Z	155 G	■	156 B	157 L	158 J	■	159 B	160 Q	■	161 V							
162 G	■	163 U	164 Z	165 G	166 M	167 P	168 K	■	169 H	170 J	■	171 F	172 B	173 I	■	174 W	175 N							
176 J	■	177 B	178 U	■	179 V	180 E	181 A	■	182 Q	183 O	184 Z	185 H	186 N	187 E	■	188 Z¹	189 E							
190 V	■	191 B	192 Z	193 Q	194 A	■	195 N	196 G	■	197 X	198 Q	199 Y	200 W	201 N	202 G	203 A	■							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 27 of this issue.

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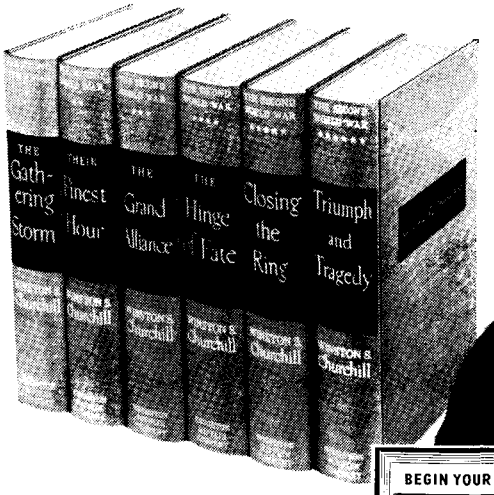

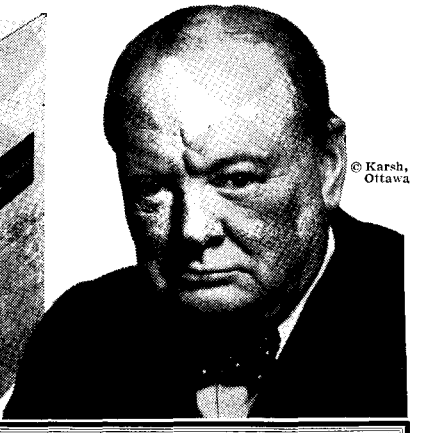

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